

ESCAPE

lemonade?

ENGLISH ECCENTRICS

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new balls,
Star!

finished
with the
wheelbarrow
yet, Star?

Captain Star

This Is London

Falcon Of The Yard

The Beat Goes On

Mr Mamoulian

In The Blitz

STEVEN APPLEBY

CHRIS LONG

MARK ROBINSON

WARREN & GARY PLEECE

BRIAN BOLLAND

PAUL JOHNSON & JAMES ROBINSON

WINDY WILBERFORCE

THE SUMO FAMILY

CALVIN & HOBBS



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and pain
in the great
outdoors!

GARY PANTER



Blink and you'll miss them, as thirty seven of Shakespeare's plays are condensed into five minutes of brilliant animated puppetry entitled 'Next'. Directed by Barry Purves, this short film is one of five in Channel 4's new series *Armature Theatre*, produced by Aardman Animations, the Bristol-based studio that also worked on the *Pee-wee's Playhouse* TV shows. Due for transmission in early 1990, all five films will be premiered at the International Animation Festival in Bristol (for details see page 15) And yes, even The Immortal Bard himself is a beautiful lifelike puppet.

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS FROM: MARC 'Mr Bones' BAINES • DAVE CHARTER • LES COLEMAN • JOHN FREEMAN • ED HILLYER • BOB LYNCH • PHILIPPE MORIN • SAVAGE PENCIL • ED PINSENT • AIDAN POTTS • HARLEY RICHARDSON • JOHNNY RUSH • ERIC SIMON • FRANK WYNNE
God Save The Queen!

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CELE

S T R I P S

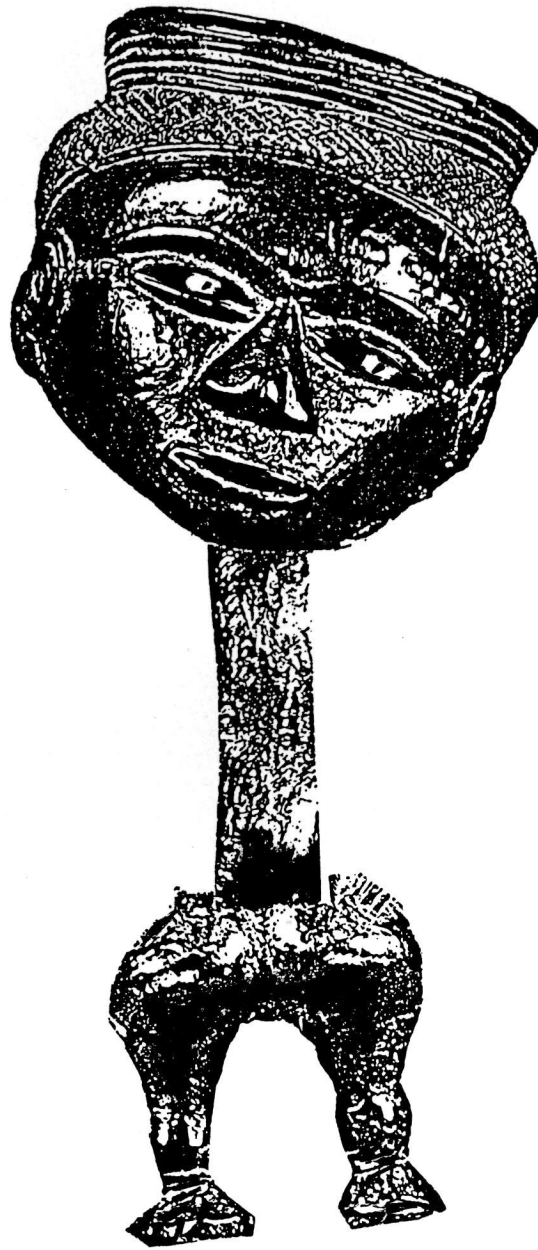
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COVER: STEVEN APPLEBY
With thanks to Willie Ryan





PARAFFIN II

— *B i r d l a n d s* —

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THIS TIME, MAN DEVELOPS A SIEGE MENTALITY, PEOPLE ARE SPAT ON AND BITTEN, PIGEONS ARE MANGLED AND EATEN, SOLELY BECAUSE TOWN LIFE REMAINS MENTAL DISEASE RIDDEN.

EVEN THE LONG DEAD DEAR OLD ENGLISHMAN CHARLES DICKENS IS AWOKEN BY THESE HARSH NEW REALITIES.

RING THE ALARMS, MY BRETHRENS — THIS IS A MUGGING.

OUT SEPTEMBER 14TH 1989

Distributed by Culex Mosquito, Canal Works, Little Venice, London and Fast Fiction Service, 27 Bracewell Road, London W10. Available at £1.60 from good book and comic outlets. All initial 500 copies signed and dated by the artist.

Eccentric Circles

It's a free country, or so they say, where eccentricity has never died. From Sherlock Holmes and Blake and Mortimer to London in the Swinging Sixties, Frenchman Eric Simon began his cross-Channel love affair. An ardent anglophile, today he regrets the passing of great British traditions.



TO THE BRITISH, ECCENTRICITY is almost an art form; they have always encouraged eccentrics. In the past, The Duke of Queensberry, nicknamed 'Degenerate Douglas', was not only a notorious womanizer, but also a great eccentric, bathing every morning in warm milk perfumed with almonds. His Grace's diet consisted only of hot chocolate and boiled eggs. Squire 'Mad Jack' Mytton was another character. In his Yorkshire mansion he kept two thousand dogs, sixty costumed cats and a bear. He used to ride to the dinner table on the poor bear's back. If no Port had been decanted, he'd happily quaff Cologne, and once he set himself on fire to cure a particularly persistent bout of hiccups.

Professor Geoffrey Hardy, a brilliant philosopher and a great cricket fan, always came to a match armed with four thick sweaters, two umbrellas and a pile of books. He used quills rather than fountain pens to write his treatises, which he often couched in the language of cricket. Lord Rokeby spent as much time as possible in his bath, even eating his meals in water. Horace Walpole, the gothic author, plastered his face with powder, always wore a lavender suit and wrote more than three thousand poems. Jane Lewson (Miss Havisham of Dickens' *Great Expectations*) lived with her dusty memories in a dark room and never took a bath in fifty years for fear of catching a cold... I could go on like this for a whole book, because in Britain eccentricity has never died. Indeed, just pay a visit today to Speakers' Corner in Hyde Park and I'm sure you will meet people who still live their right to be different.

It is this 'right to be different' which strongly appealed to me during my first visit to England in 1967. London in the Swinging Sixties was an enchanting city, with those great red double-decker buses, attended (at that time) by a conductor and a driver. There was the music of London - in every park a band played Beatles' songs rounded off with a stirring 'God Save The Queen'. Behind the Tower, the Docks were still alive with ships and cranes, tug-boats and the dockers' pub full of laughter and real ale. Chilled lagers were continental atrocities!

I remember the sights and smells of London. In many houses, there was a strong smell of Virginia tobacco (alien to us in France), in Wapping High Street spicy odours wafted from the warehouses, while in cafes you could breathe in the aroma of fresh toasted sandwiches! In the morning, the milkman delivered his bottles to your doorstep ('No Milk Today' by Herman's Hermits was Top of the Pops!) In those days, every London district had two or three cinemas, showing incredible double bills for half a crown. In winter, London used to be a fantastic city. As darkness fell after three in the afternoon, there was a kind of intimacy in the streets, an eerie atmosphere straight out of an old Bulldog Drummond plot.

I have always been a walker and I loved walking around the city, meeting Londoners and answering their questions about France. Our standard of living in the Sixties was definitely lower than yours, but since the Iron Lady took over, things seem to have gone the other way. The London of 1967 was a lot like the City drawn by Edgar P Jacobs in his best-selling graphic novel *The Yellow M.* Jacobs' heroes, Colonel Blake and Professor Mortimer, could have lived in any house in Park Lane. You'd see old Bentleys or Morgan three-wheelers on the roads. Men wore trench-coats and tweed coats, brogues on their feet and hats on their heads. London was the key city for every French anglophile.

I have been living in London for the past ten years. Although I have lost my 'tourist's eyes', I remain an ardent anglophile, even if it is harder to be one these days. Good Old London, with your drizzle and fog, where are you now? The City looks like some huge scrapyard, overrun with construction sites. Liverpool Street Station, once the pride of the Empire, has turned into a very dull place to pass through, while the ugly Lloyd's building seems to have escaped from Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*! The Docklands look like nothing better than a bad film set - there are no feelings there anymore, only gilt statues dedicated to the gods of business and finance. Look at the landscape of the Isle of Dogs and you will realise the damage caused to this country by ten years of monetarism. Hitchcock could never shoot another film in Covent Garden. Soho, the

old Soho of Thomas de Quincey, jazzland or gangland Soho, is now a French quarter with brasseries, restaurants and fashion boutiques. I will never understand why the English are always looking longingly towards the Eiffel Tower. Perrier Water will never replace a good Gin and Tonic. Fuller's Beer will always be tastier than Stella or Kronenberg, and Players cigarettes will be sweeter than Gauloises...

An anglophile must dress in the proper way. In the past, Marks and Spencers used to sell fine corduroy trousers, great country shirts and excellent woollen ties; today the same shop prefers to offer its customers poor imitation Lacoste polo shirts and American sweaters. Even Dunns, the old British tailor, has been through a facelift. One day, the true anglophile will have to go to Paris to buy his Harris tweed jackets and blazers! Funny enough, it is in France that you can find traditional English shops, like the Paris branch of M&S, that still sell V-neck jumpers and brogues. As for food, I am sad to see all these French eateries in London; the British must have lost their taste for a good Yorkshire pudding melting in the mouth. The dedicated anglophile will hunt for decent pub food, not spaghetti or pâté, but Steak and Kidney pies and Welsh Rarebit.

It's not easy being an anglophile; your French compatriots just cannot understand why you have chosen this rainy island. But then they have never gazed into the blue skies of an English summer, or enjoyed those idyllic moments full of strawberries and cream. I stand on the side of muffins and scones, not croissants and butter. My favourite car will always be the MG, not the Citroen 2CV. Michael Powell's films have a much stronger appeal to me than Marcel Carné's soap operas. Sherlock Holmes, the king of great British eccentrics, was a far finer detective than miserable Maigret. For these, and so many other reasons, I disagree with my little Gallic ancestor, Asterix. I say, 'England is a highly civilised country, where boiled wild boar and warm ale can be a delight!'

I am a real British eccentric.



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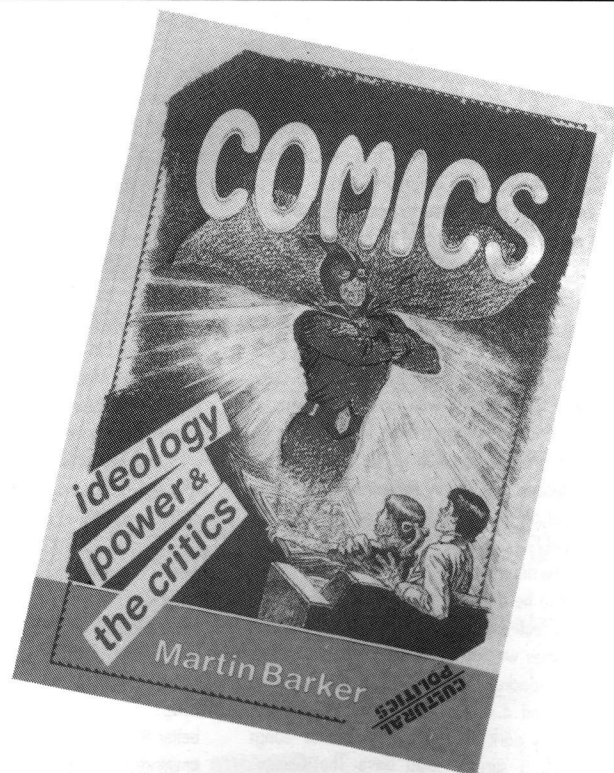
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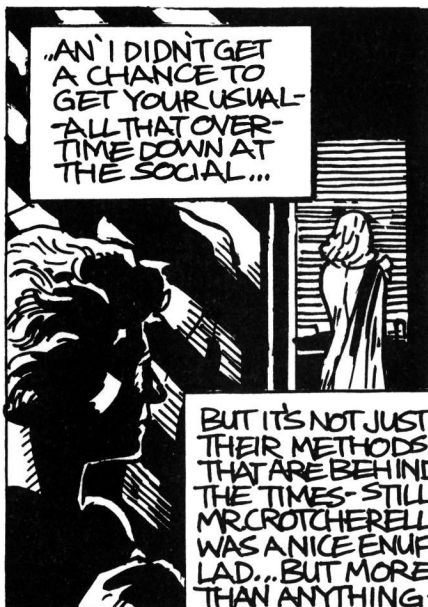
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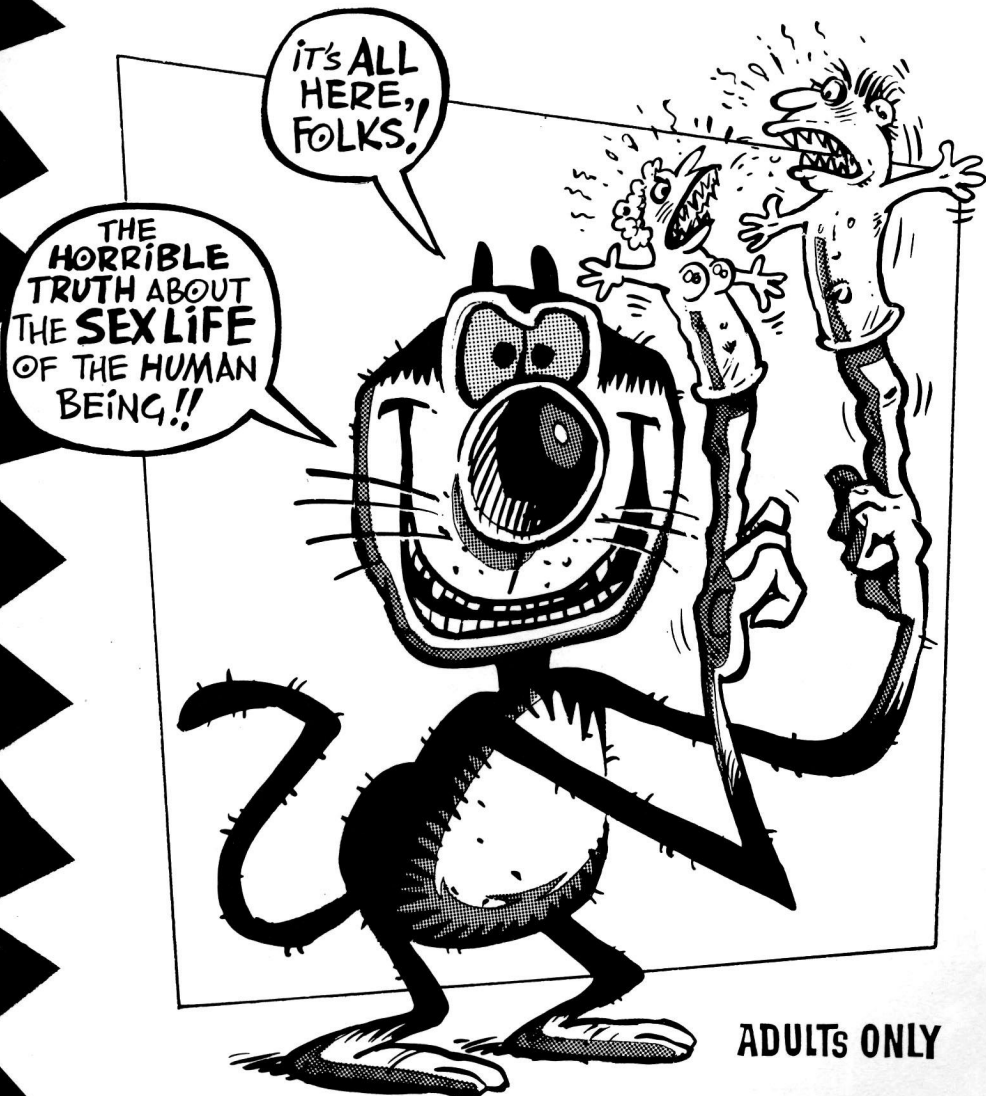
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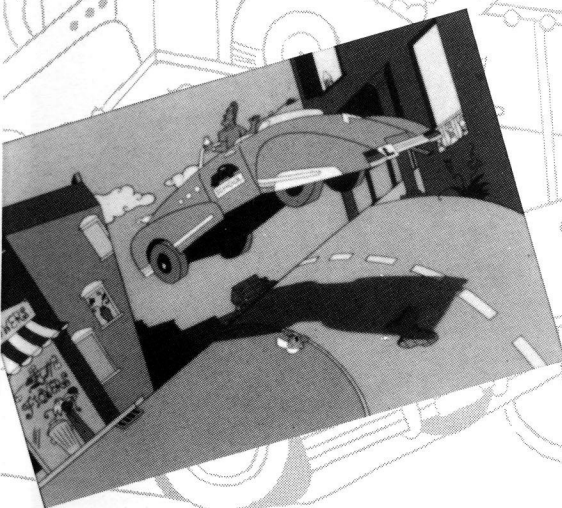
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Ever Meulen is the illustrator's illustrator. Since they were first published in Belgium in the early Seventies, his slick Fifties-style images – curvaceous American automobiles, rock'n'roll, gangsters and glamorous high-heeled women – have become style totems for numerous imitators, from Serge Clerc in France and Daniel Torres in Spain as far as Mambo designer Richard Allan in Australia. But it's Meulen who still has that extra spark of original genius, re-inventing his drawing over the years to incorporate a more refined minimalism and trompe l'œil effects. 'I like to play with planes and depth of field and I put things together in my head like a mathematical puzzle.' For his debut TV commercial, an animated Yop advert, The Film Garage in London avoided the copyists and went straight to Meulen himself. The result is a brilliant amalgam of his classic retro-look with his more current games of perspective – and an advert that's better than most of the programmes.



More rotting aural urgh from Kray Cherubs, the rockin' combo that includes Savage Pencil, the notorious Naylor sisters and a couple of bona fide Satanists. 'Rot In Hell Mom' is a glorious din, a cry from the heart by people who wished they'd never been born. It's backed by Saucerman's second trash culture epic, 'Motor Drag'. The disc comes wrapped in Gary Panter's original sketch for *Disposal Bag* in an edition of 300 copies on Snakeskin Records. There should be a couple of copies for everyone that wants one. – Marc Baines



Why did so many anxious American parents in the early Fifties ritually burn their children's comics? Bombarded by psychologists' exposés like Wertham's 'Seduction of the Innocent', alerting them to the subtler emotional distortions comics were having on their kids, they could also actually watch 'a more noticeable immediate effect' on sensationalist TV reports. In one, a group of youngsters, fired up by 'Horror' comics, start knifing trees and wielding rocks, leering menacingly into the camera. The stern announcer warns, 'You can see the tension develop... and if it's a bad one, the kid is a mass of jangled nerves by the time he's through it.' This alarming archival footage of anti-comics hysteria was unearthed by Toronto director Ron Mann for his award-winning documentary 'Comic Book Confidential'. From Kirby and Kurtzman, through Crumb and Spiegelman, to Miller and Hernandez, he traces over fifty years of the medium in America, putting the Fifties' witch-hunt into perspective. Following its UK premiere in Edinburgh, 'Comic Book Confidential' shows at Birmingham's Triangle Cinema on October 1st & 2nd followed by a run in London at the ICA, prior to a screening on Channel 4. You'll never burn a comic again.

ARTICLES

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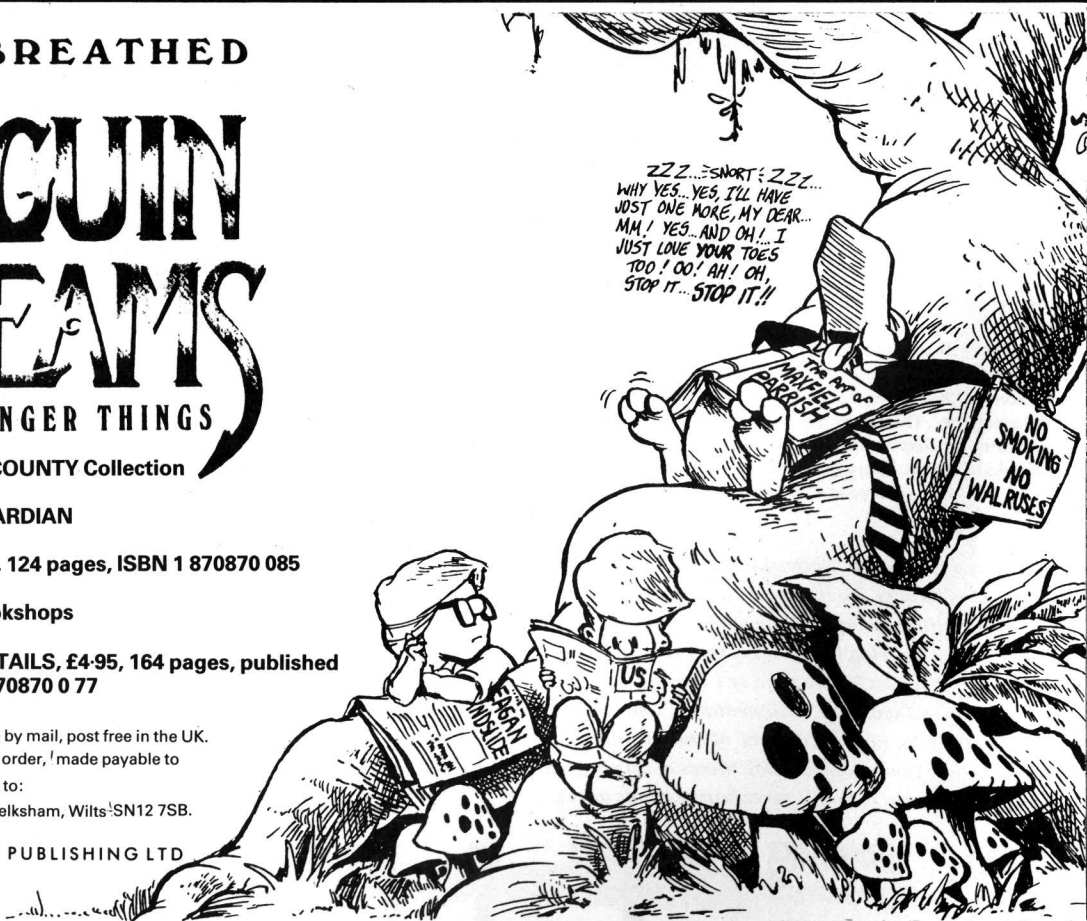
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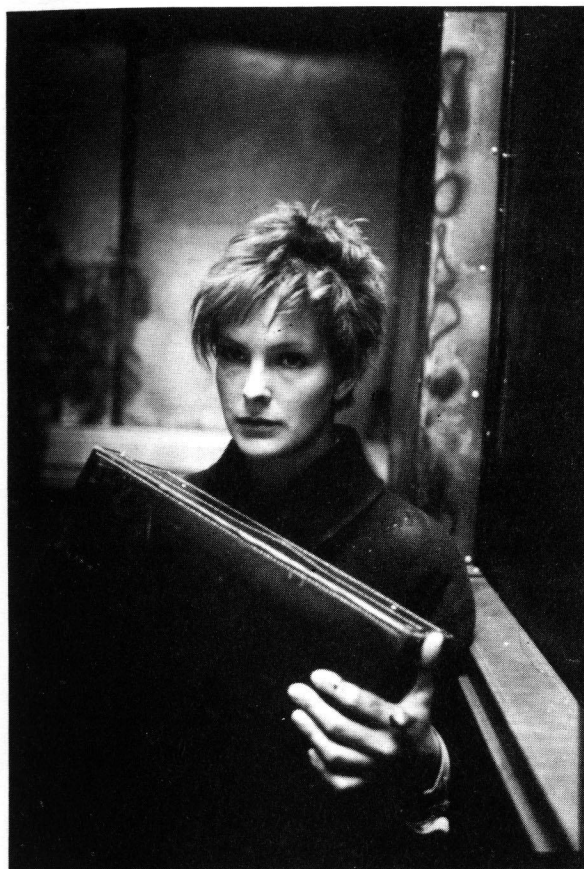
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ARTICLES



ENIGMATIC CAROLE BOUQUET HOLDS AN UNEXPECTED KEY IN BILAL'S FIRST FILM

From our Paris correspondent, in a front row seat for Bilal's cinematic debut

Only in France have so many creators of comics tried switching from the drawing board to the cinema screen. Now, after Patrice Leconte, Gérard Lauzier and Martin Veyron, master fantasist Enki Bilal is the latest to direct his first film, 'Bunker Palace Hotel'. This long-awaited full-length feature proves yet again that there's a world of difference between being a BD author and a film maker. A restrictive budget (only one tenth of Tim Burton's 'Batman') means you don't get all the extravagant decors you're entitled to expect from Bilal's sumptuous graphic novels. But what's especially frustrating for the viewer is that Bilal chooses too often to suggest action scenes rather than show them. An explosion is only heard, not filmed in detail. An underground tank breaks into the bunker, but you don't see it moving. As for the story, while the decision to create an enclosed atmosphere akin to 'The Hunting Party' results in some brilliant dialogue scenes, it also makes the outrageousness and decadence of the characters seem studied and theatrical (only Jean-Pierre Léaud is convincing). There is a definite lack of punch and pace in this overly static film. You might defend this by citing the slowness of Eastern European films – Bilal was born in Yugoslavia and shot the film in Belgrade – but that cannot totally justify the dragging out of the action and plot. It's deeply disappointing because expectations were so high. All the more so because the film reminded me of much more arresting images from a short film made in 1981 by a little known BD artist Marc Caro. In his 'Le Bunker de la Dernière Rafale', army officers with shaved heads, gripped by madness when a Third World War breaks out, imagine invisible enemies. But after the letdown of 'Bunker', it's good to hear that Bilal will soon be back at the drawing board, working on the conclusion to 'Gods In Chaos'. He's bought the paper already...

Philippe Morin

EDITED BY LOUISE TUCKER

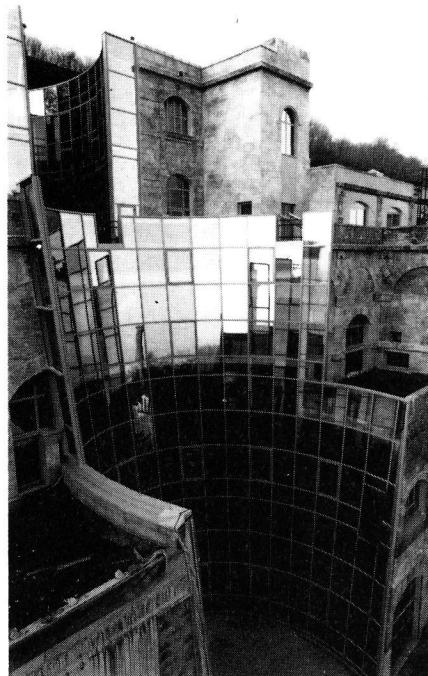
ON

'Tricks of the Trade' is the theme for this year's International Animation Festival based in Bristol's Watershed Media Centre and Arnolfini Gallery from October 31st to November 5th. Animated guests include that dinosaur of stop-motion fantasy Ray Harryhausen, Oscar-winning computer wizard John Lasseter and the Japanese puppeteer Kihachiro Kawamoto. There will also be a survey of satirical animation, including contemporary cartoonists-turned-animators such as Gerald Scarfe, Steve Bell, Christine Roche and Australian Bruce Petty.

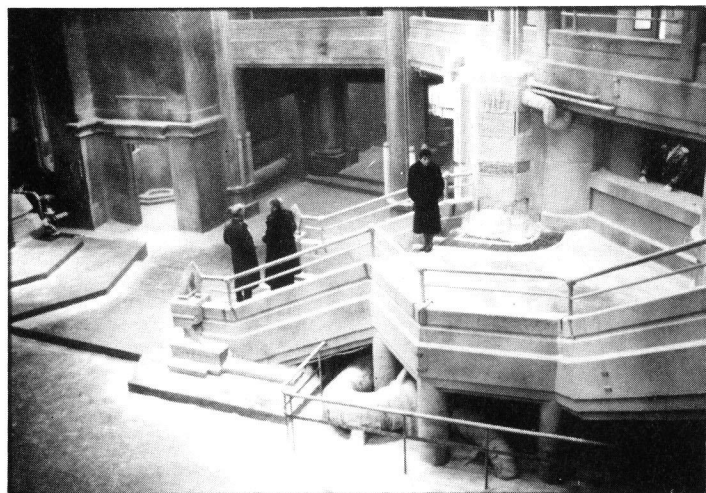
UKCAC '89 hosts the annual rout of the comics clans on September 9th & 10th at the Institute of Education in Bedford Way. As well as the usual plethora of pros, panels and dealers, it's your chance to see the essential tribute to the great Frank Bellamy, fresh from Brixton's Basement Gallery, and the foyer full to bursting with eye-boggling original paintings by all your favourite ESCAPE Artists. The highpoint of the comics calendar.

Chris Long's story 'This Is London' (see page 23) is Britain's entry in a comics exhibition on the theme of European city life. Others commissioned include Serge Clerc on Paris, Marti on Barcelona, Mattotti on Milan and Miltos Scouras on Athens. It runs from September 20th to 30th in Milan, with hopes of touring next year.

This October, La Biennal '89 in Barcelona will showcase the best young EEC creators in every artistic field – naturally including comics. Invited to represent British comics, Dave McKean will be showing pages from his ESCAPE graphic novel *Violent Cases* and 'Signal To Noise', now serialising in *The Face*.



Britain has been invited as Guest Country to next year's International BD Salon in Angoulême, France. From January 24th to 28th, two major exhibits of the Best of British comics will form part of the inauguration of the CNBDI or National Centre of Comics and the Image. One of President Mitterand's ambitious projects, this houses a media library, conference hall, computer workshop and museum, all in a strikingly designed conversion of over 7,000 square metres.



CORRUPT FIGURES WAIT IN THE ARTIFICIAL COMFORT OF THE UNDERGROUND HOTEL

An Escape graphic novel from
Titan Books by James Robinson
and Paul Johnson

LONDON'S DARK

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Love blossoms for an air raid warden and a
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foul of black marketeers, and discover that
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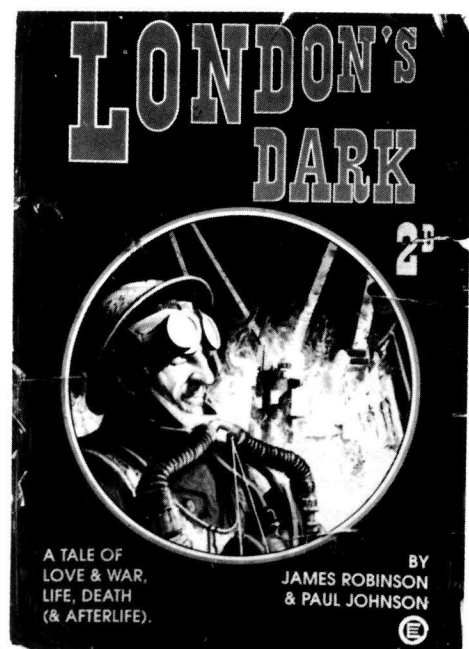
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— **Michael Moorcock**

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— **Alex Cox**, *Director of Repoman*

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— **Terry Jones**, *Monty Python*



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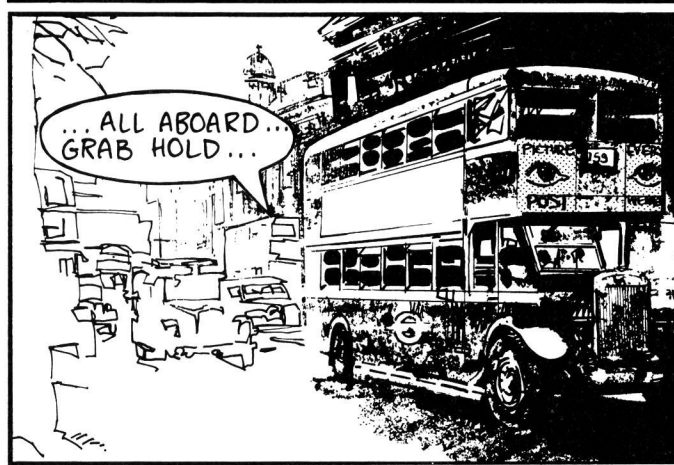
BOMBER'S TEARS

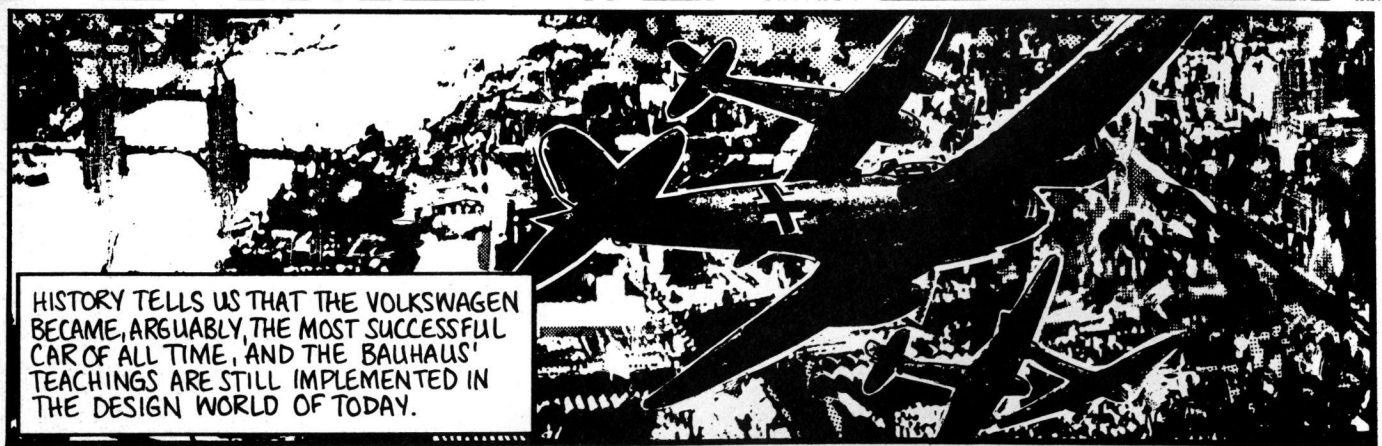
Written by **JAMES ROBINSON** ● Illustrated by **PAUL JOHNSON**

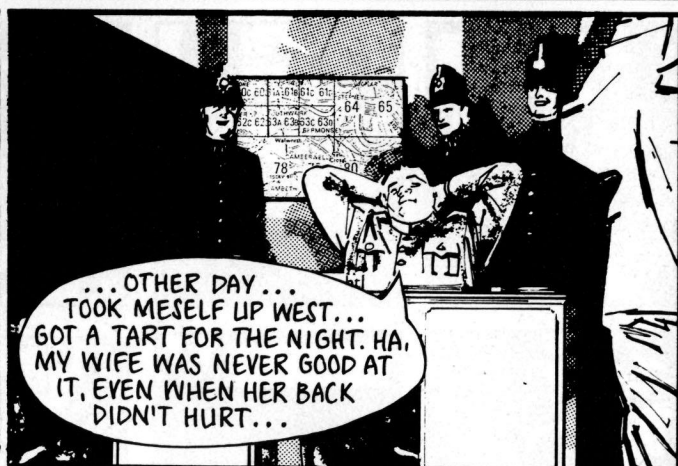


IN 1940, THE COUNTRY THAT GAVE US THE BAUHAUS AND THE VOLKSWAGEN HAD AN IDEA FOR AN EXERCISE IN PROPAGANDA. THEIR TARGET WAS LONDON, ENGLAND, WITH WHOM, AT THE TIME, THEY WERE AT WAR.









THE BOMBER'S CARGO FELL LIKE TEARS OVER LONDON, ON THAT DAY BACK THEN.

AND HISTORY RIGHTFULLY FORGETS A GERMAN CONCEPT THAT WAS SOMEWHAT LESS THAN A SURE FIRE SUCCESS.





FROM THE NIB OF JOHN G. LONDON.

THIS IS LONDON

LONDON TOWN, FULL OF
PAGEANTRY AND SPLENDOR,
WHERE 'OLDE WORLDE'
CHARM COLLIDES WITH
THE LATEST WAVE OF
URBAN TRASH...
WELL NO, HANG
ON...



THE REAL LONDON LIES HERE.
THIS IS A CITY OF 20 MILLION FEET.
I'M TALKING ABOUT SHOES.
IT'S A FACT, LONDONERS
COMMUNICATE TO EACH
OTHER THROUGH
THEIR FOOTWEAR.



THIS WOMAN IS REALLY
TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING
TO ME BUT I CAN'T
QUITE MAKE IT OUT.



LET ME TELL YOU, THAT IS WHY NO-ONE TALKS ON THE TUBE. ALWAYS TOO BUSY LOOKING AT YOUR FEET, HIS FEET, HER FEET-THEIR OWN FEET. GET STUCK IN THE TUNNEL BETWEEN STOPS, AND THE CARRIAGE TAKES ON ALL THE ATMOSPHERE OF A DENTIST'S WAITING ROOM.



ONCE OUTSIDE LOOK UP THOUGH, AND YOU'LL SEE LOTS OF BUILDING GOING ON.



BUSY, BUSY, WITH PERPETUAL REFURBISHMENT. A CONCERTED EFFORT TO STRIP THIS TOWN OF ANY CREDIBILITY IT MAY HAVE.

TAKE THIS PUB.
USED TO BE A LOVELY
BOOZER, NOW IT'S
A WINE BAR
CALLED...
'PLOWKERS'

PRETTY APT DON'T YOU THINK?
LOOK AT IT, DESIGNED TO DEATH
AND STILL STANDING. POOR OLD
SOD UP AT THE BAR DOESN'T
KNOW WHAT HIT HIM.

A black and white cartoon illustration of a bar scene. In the foreground, a man wearing a flat cap and a checkered jacket sits at a bar, holding a glass. Behind him, a woman with spiky hair and a man in a suit stand together. In the background, other patrons are visible, including a man with a crown on his head. The scene is set in a bar with a checkered floor and a sign that says 'P' on the wall.

STILL THERE'S PLENTY
OF OTHER, MAGNIFICENT
PLACES TO GO, SOMEWHERE
ALTOGETHER MORE
EXOTIC, PERHAPS...

LOOK AT THIS,
A TRADITIONAL ENGLISH
VINDALOO 'N' CHIP SUPPER
AMIDST THE ATMOSPHERIC
SURROUNDINGS OF A
TYPICAL INDIAN RESTAURANT.

O.K. SO I LIE-BUT
SO WHAT? LOOK
AT THOSE BOOTS!
'VIVA LAS VEGAS' VIA
NEW DELHI. WHO
CARES ABOUT
THE FOOD?



COO- STILL
RAINING, IS IT ANY
WONDER THERE'S
SUCH A THIRST FOR
NEW STYLE 'N' STUFF
HERE? THERE'S
NOTHING ELSE TO
DO.

Oximus
Discoteque



OF COURSE, A LOT OF PEOPLE
JUST STAY IN, PERIOD. VEGE-
TATING IN FRONT OF THE TELLY.
OWWWW! NOT A BAD IDEA
EITHER. THESE SHOES
ARE KILLING ME.

OK, MAYBE
BRITISH TV. IS A BIT
TOO GOOD. IT KIND OF
DEMANDS YOUR UN-
DIVIDED ATTENTION
RATHER THAN
BEING JUST
BACKGROUND
NOISE.

LET ME TELL YOU, THIS
DE-REGULATION IS GONNA BE
GREAT. QUALITY WILL DROP
AND WE'LL ALL HAVE A CHANCE
TO BECOME SAME, WELL
BALANCED PEOPLE...

AND NOW
IT'S TIME FOR
'SHOES WHO'
OUR WEEKLY
LOOK AT
FAMOUS FEET



Vacancy

AN
ED
ROONEY
STORY

ART BY ALASTAIR
GRAHAM

WE BUILD UP
THE FOREHEAD...
THEN ADD POUCHES
UNDER THE EYES,
AND DEEP LINES.
.... HERE ...

SOMETHING WILL HAVE
TO BE DONE
ABOUT THE SKIN COLOUR

YOU HAVE A MUCH
WARMER COMPLEXION
THAN HIM....

I DON'T KNOW,
DOCTOR...

IT WILL WORK, SAUNDERS!!
THE COMPUTER, THE NEW STYROID,
THE LATEST LASER KNIFE
FROM THE
CHINESE ...

I, HEINZ LUBLINKA GRAPPLE,
GUARANTEE IT!!!

THE
DECISION.

SAUNDERS,

.. IS YOURS, OF COURSE,
BUT....

I MUST HAVE
AN ANSWER, TODAY!
THERE IS A
WAITING LIST!

A
WAITING
LIST...

YES
OR NO,
SAUNDERS?

SLAM!

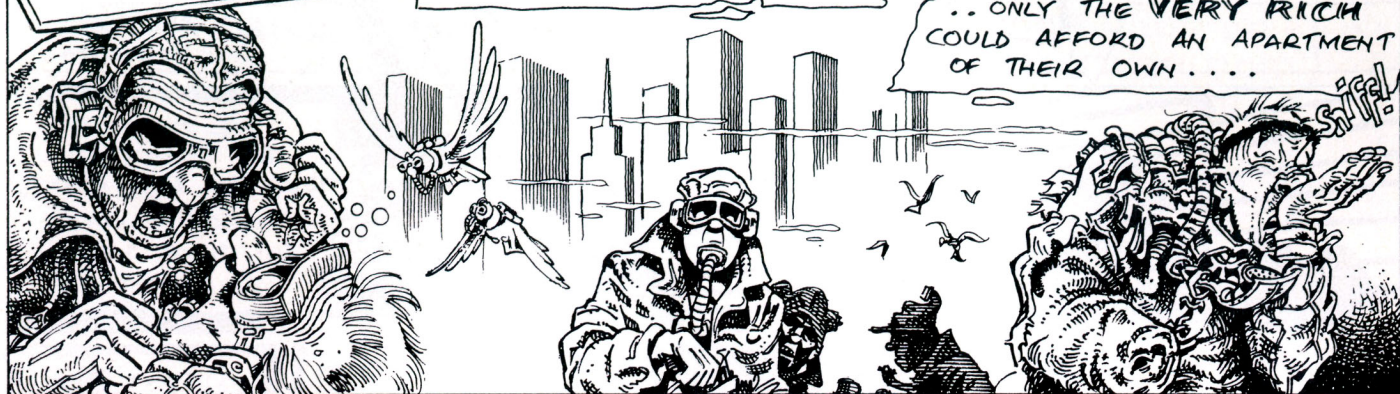
Y-YES!!

LONDON
IN THE YEAR 2004

INFLATION WAS RUNNING
AT 246% -- COFFEE
SOLD FOR £3,600 A POUND.

A BUS TICKET
COST £800...

... ONLY THE VERY RICH
COULD AFFORD AN APARTMENT
OF THEIR OWN....



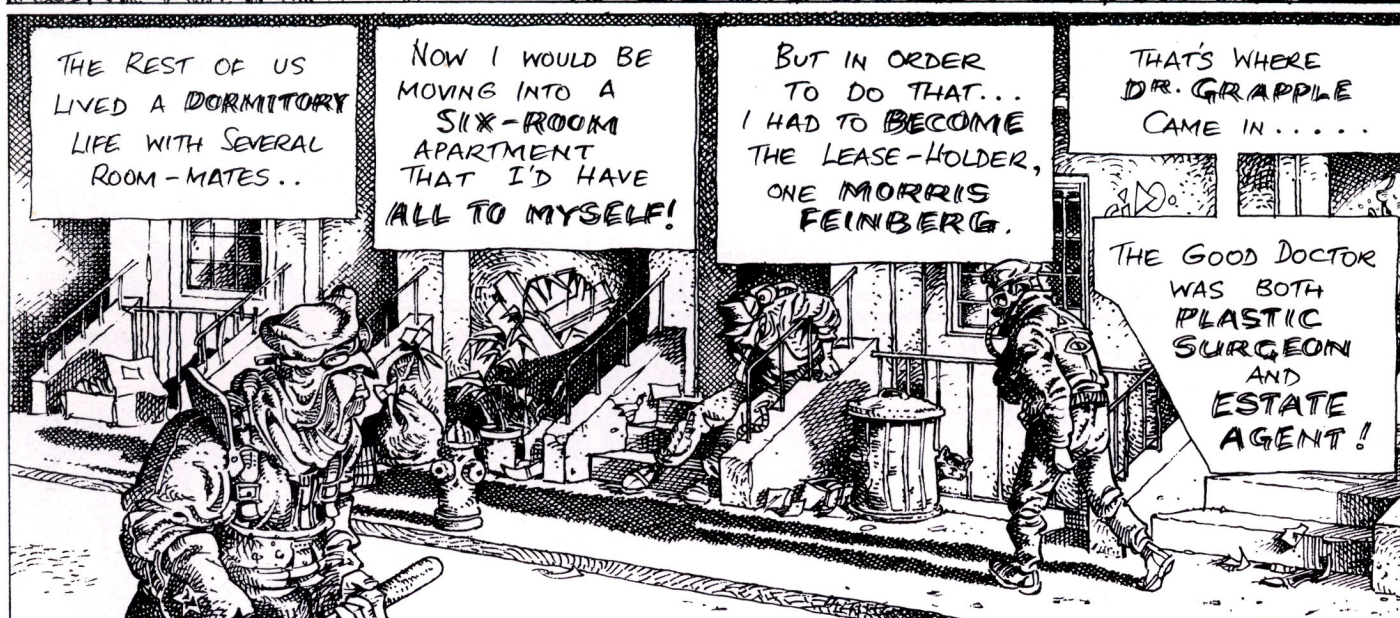
THE REST OF US
LIVED A DORMITORY
LIFE WITH SEVERAL
ROOM-MATES...

NOW I WOULD BE
MOVING INTO A
SIX-ROOM
APARTMENT
THAT I'D HAVE
ALL TO MYSELF!

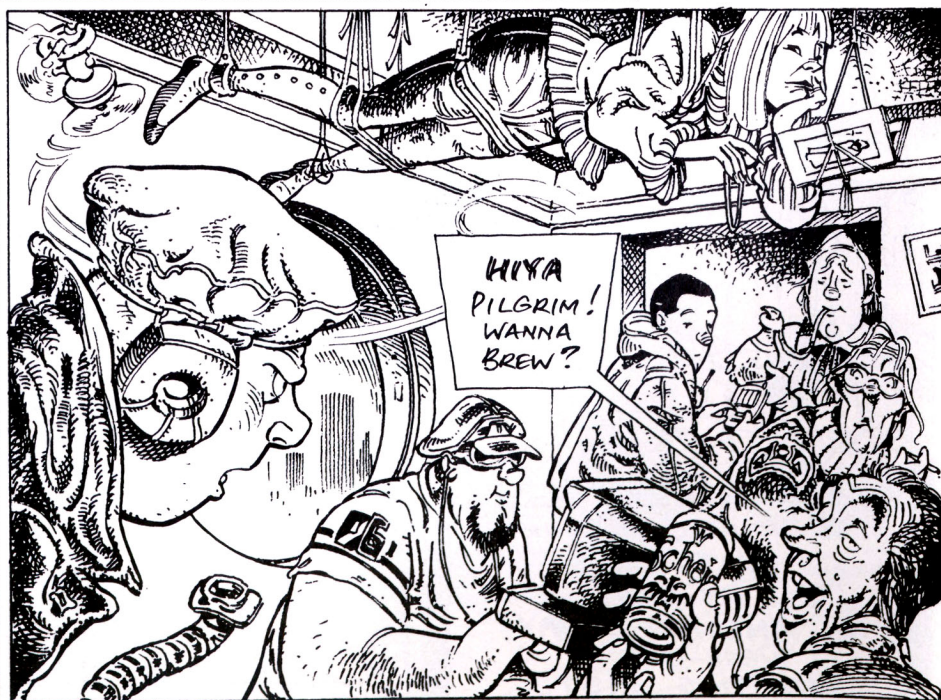
BUT IN ORDER
TO DO THAT...
I HAD TO BECOME
THE LEASE-HOLDER,
ONE MORRIS
FEINBERG.

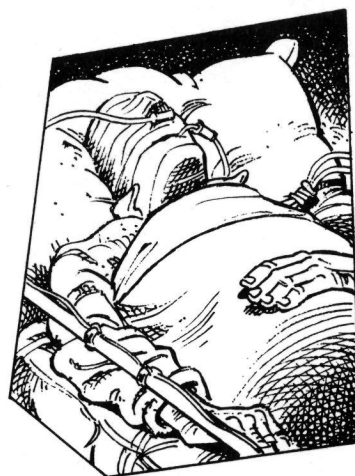
THAT'S WHERE
DR. GRAPPLE
CAME IN.....

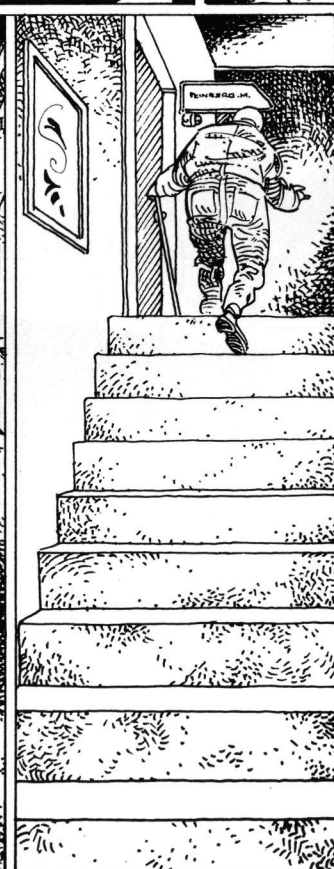
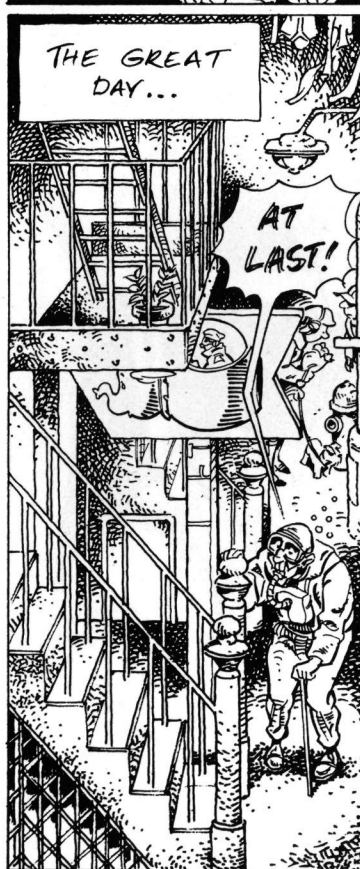
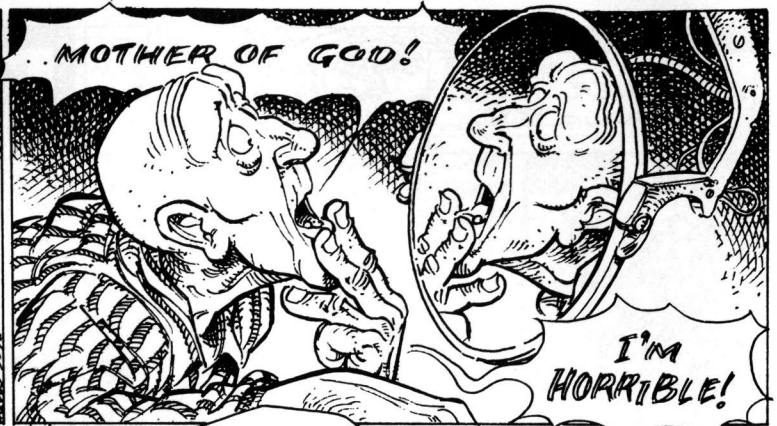
THE GOOD DOCTOR
WAS BOTH
PLASTIC
SURGEON
AND
ESTATE
AGENT!

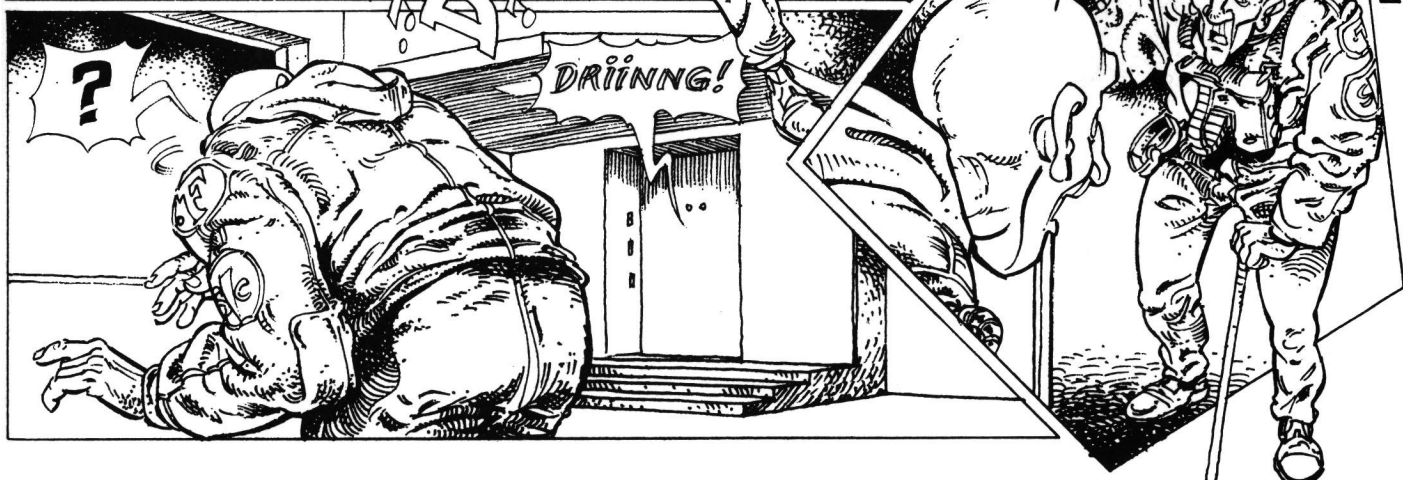
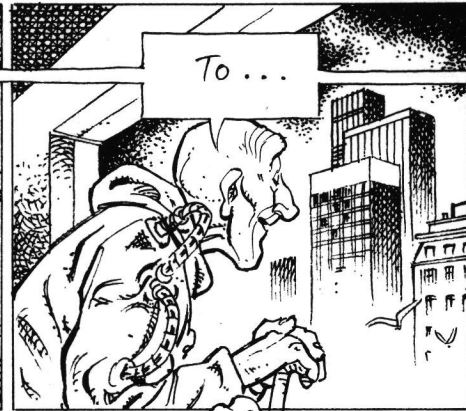


BACK HOME...











BY TEN O'CLOCK, FIVE MORE FEINBERGS HAD APPEARED, AND IT WAS TIME TO SPEAK TO DR GRAPPLE!

THE NUMBER YOU HAVE DIALLED IS NO LONGER IN SERVICE. THIS IS A RECORDING... HAVE A NICE DAY....

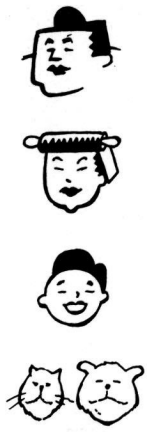
ONE OF US WENT ROUND TO GRAPPLE'S OFFICE....

AT LAST COUNT, THERE WERE EIGHTEEN FEINBERGS SHARING APARTMENT 4K.

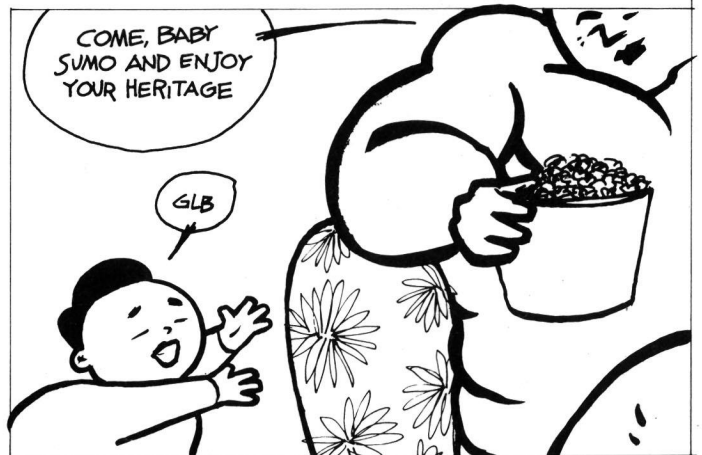
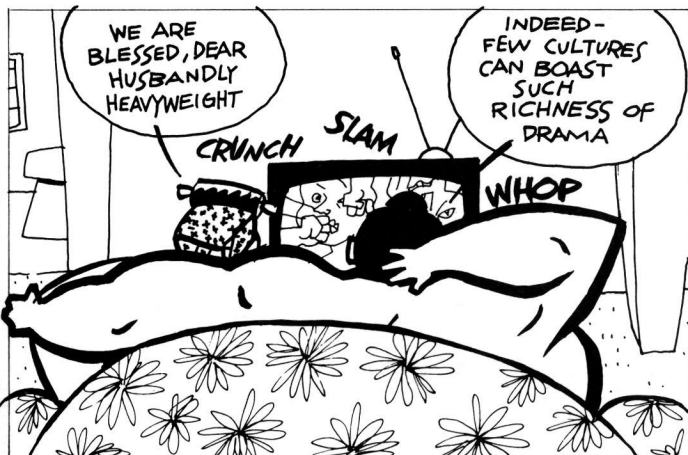
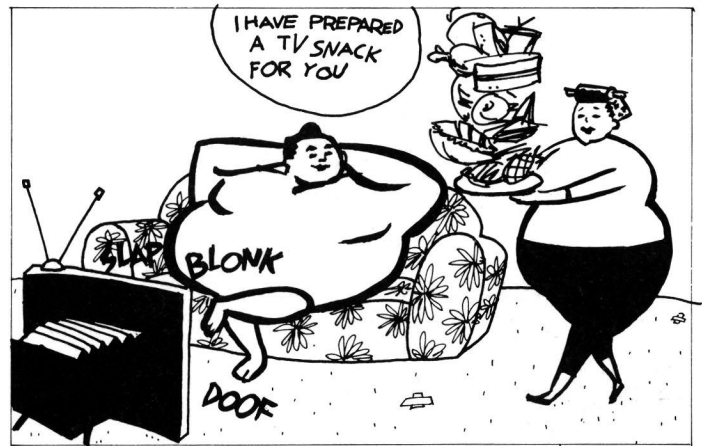
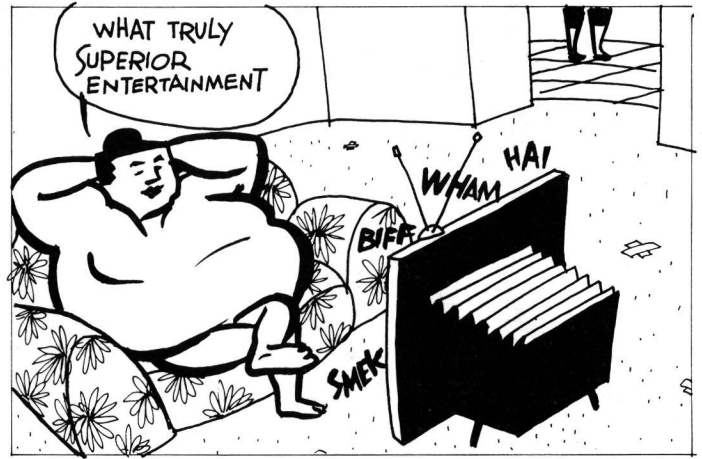
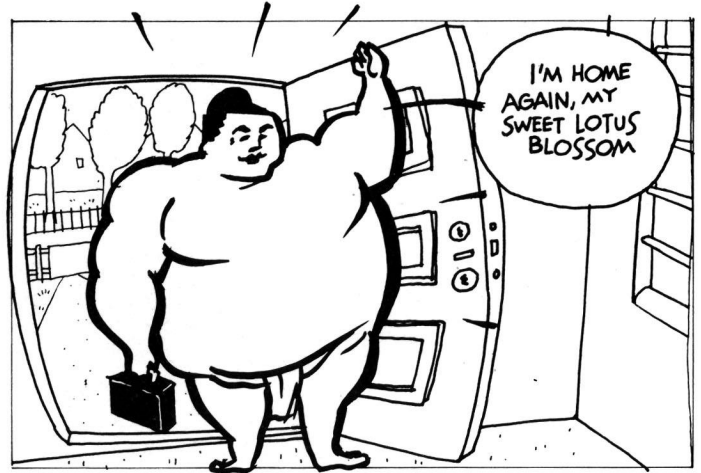


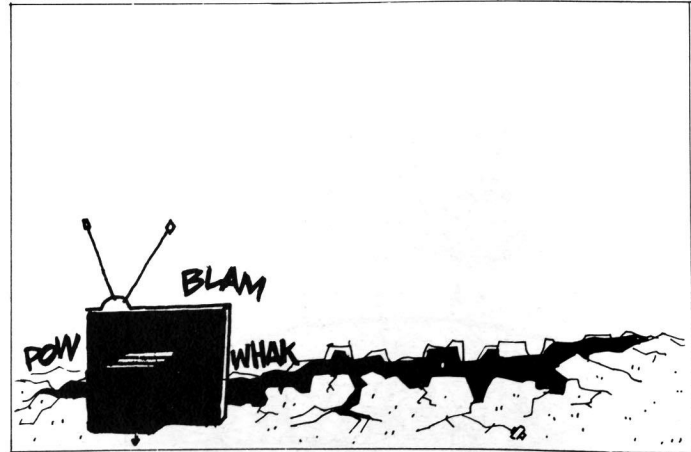
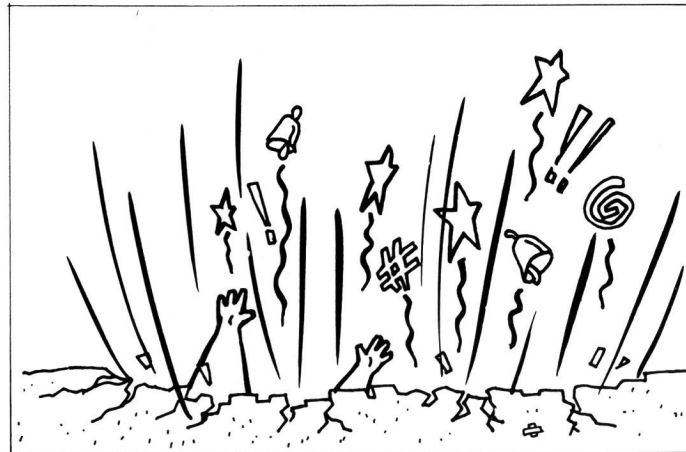
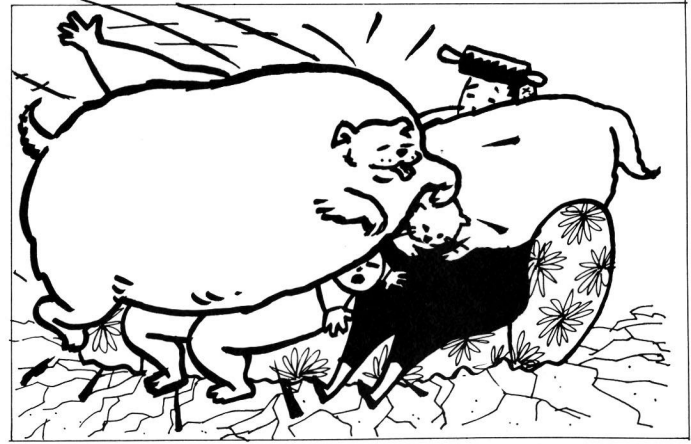
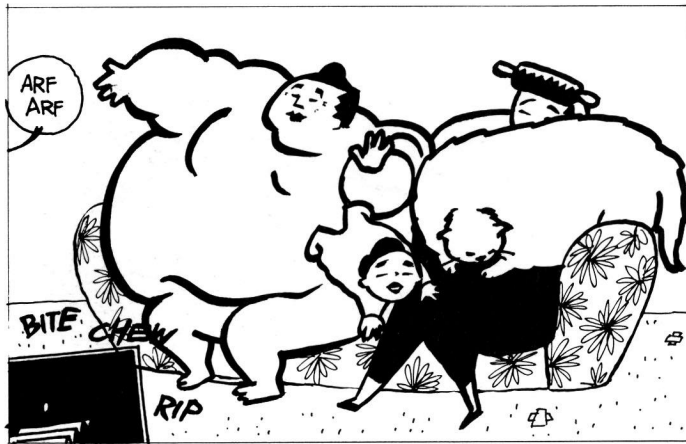
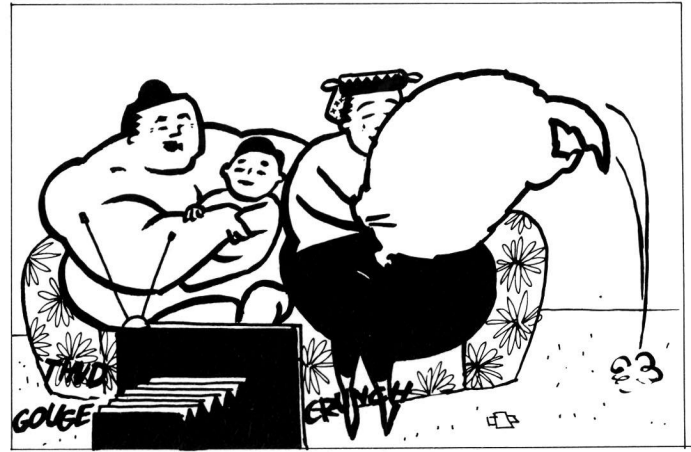
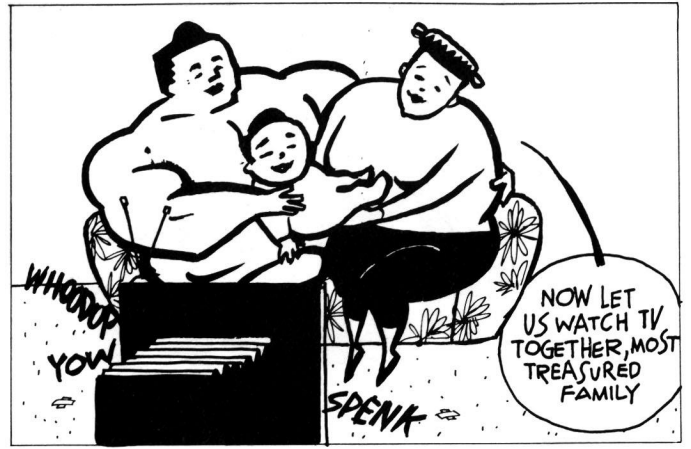
EVEN IN ALL THAT SPACE, WE'RE ON TOP OF EACH OTHER. WE CAN ONLY GO OUT ONE AT A TIME, OF COURSE. WE ALL MANAGE AT LEAST ONE HALF DAY EVERY OTHER WEEK. I CALLED BUDDY BOY COLLINS YESTERDAY TO SEE IF I MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET MY OLD SHARE BACK. HE SAID SOMEBODY ELSE HAD MOVED IN, BUT I COULD STOP AROUND FOR A BEER ANYTIME.....

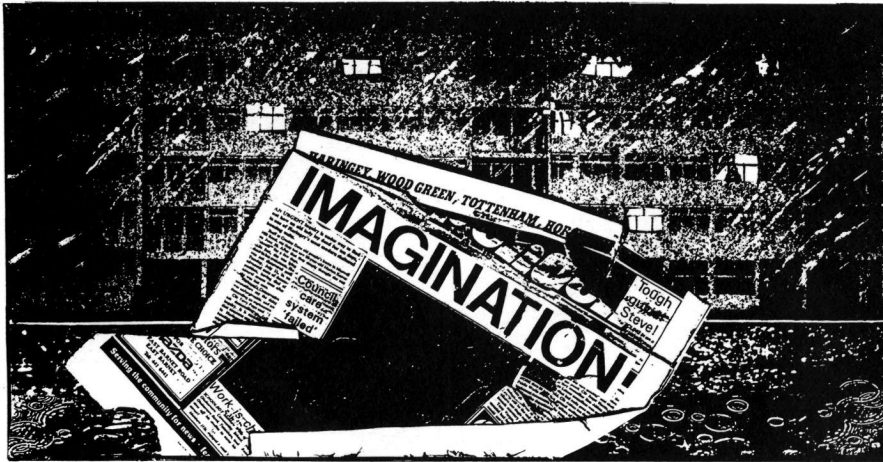




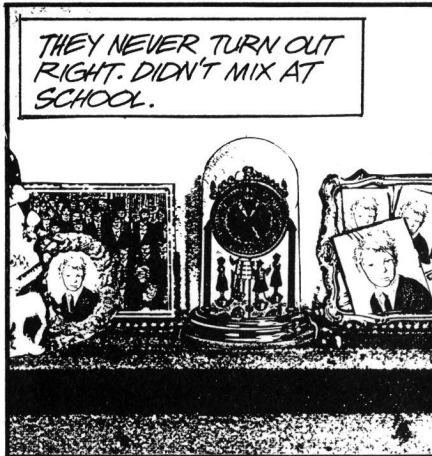
THE SUMO FAMILY







HE WERE A WEEDY LAD.
NEVER GREW UP. ONLY
CHILD. I TOLD HER.



THEY NEVER TURN OUT
RIGHT. DIDN'T MIX AT
SCHOOL.



NEVER HAD ANY LITTLE
FRIENDS COME
ROUND TO PLAY.



JUST SAT UP IN HIS
ROOM, EVEN ON A HOT
SUMMER'S DAY...



..PLAYING FUNNY GAMES
HE INVENTED FOR HIM-
SELF. ALONE AND
READING THEM AMERICAN
COMICS OVER AND OVER
AGAIN.



NEVER HAD A GIRL-
FRIEND, FAR AS I
COULD TELL.

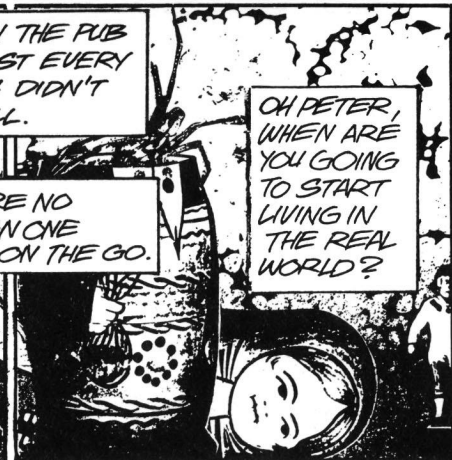


MIND YOU, HIM AND HER TOOK
NO INTEREST. LEFT HIM TO
HIS OWN DEVICES, THEY DID.

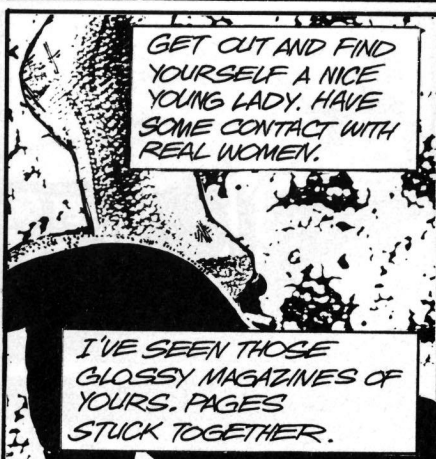
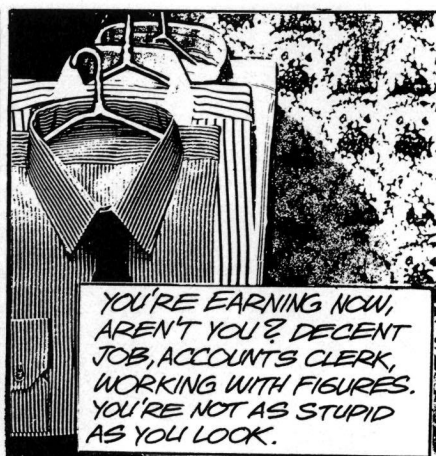


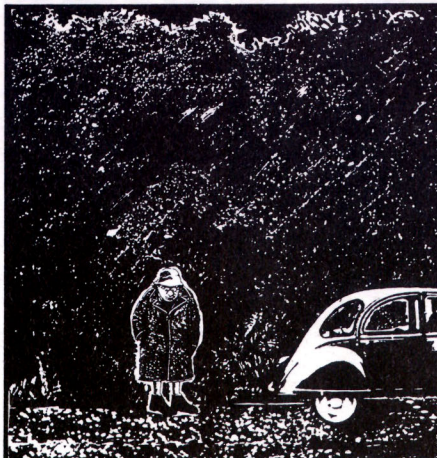
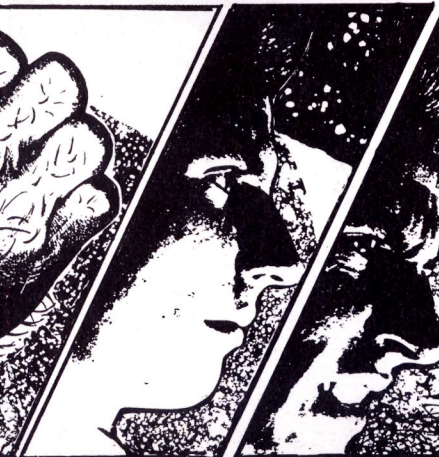
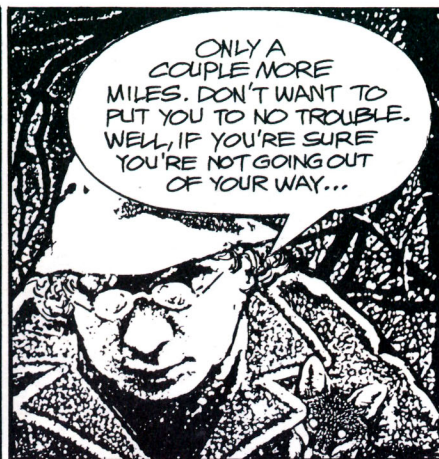
HE WAS OUT DOWN THE PUB
WITH THE LADS MOST EVERY
NIGHT. SOMETIMES DIDN'T
COME HOME AT ALL.

MIND YOU, SHE WERE NO
BETTER. MORE THAN ONE
FANCY MAN SHE HAD ON THE GO.



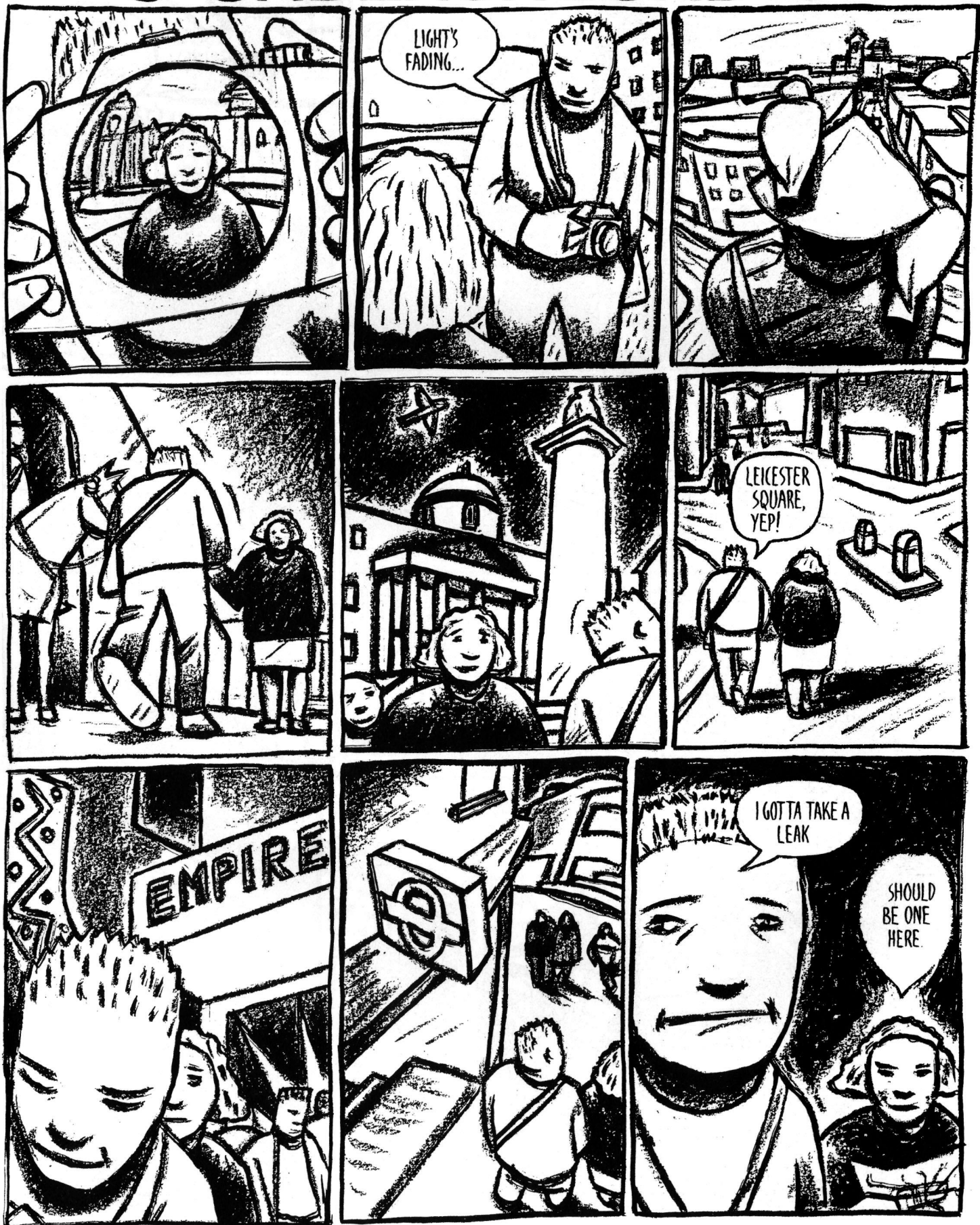
OH PETER,
WHEN ARE
YOU GOING
TO START
LIVING IN
THE REAL
WORLD?



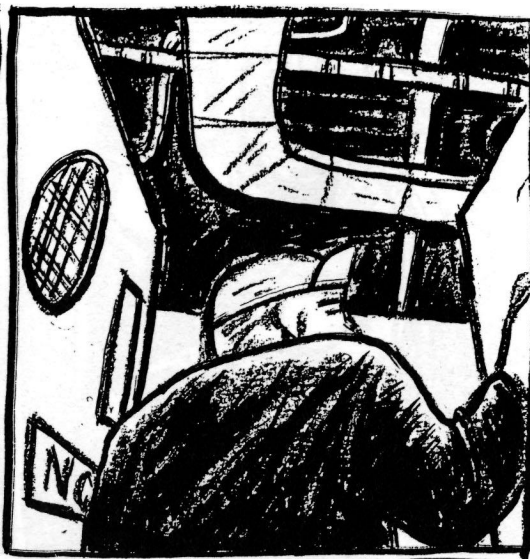




⊕ UNDERGROUND ⊕



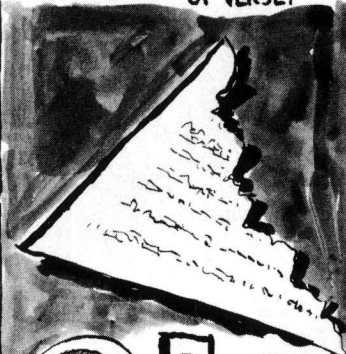






END

IT BEGINS WITH A FRAGMENT
OF VERSE.



LABOURING LONG AND HARD,
WINDY CANNOT DECIPHER ITS
TRUE MEANING.



IT SEEMS TO SPEAK OF THE BLACK
SERPENT OF IGNORANCE, COILED
INSIDE THE
EAR.



WINDY WILBERFORCE

HIS OWN LIBRARY
PROVES INADEQUATE
TO THE TASK.



"The New Saint
George"

by Ed Pinsent
- AUGUST 1989 -

IN THE REMOTE ROCKY
HILLSIDE, SHROUDED
IN FOG...



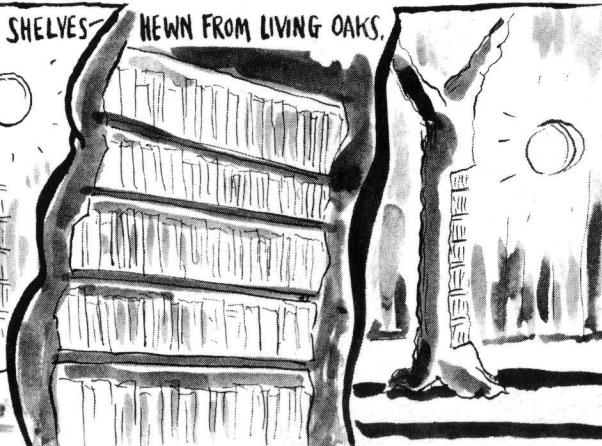
...THERE SITS THE OBSCURE
LIBRARY OF THE WOODS.



BOOKS LIE LINED IN THE SHELVES



HEWN FROM LIVING OAKS.



PERUSING RARE BINDINGS, WINDY
IS DISTRACTED...



UNTIL HE LOCATES AN INTERESTING
BOOK OF BALLADS -



WHICH CONTAINS THE KEY.



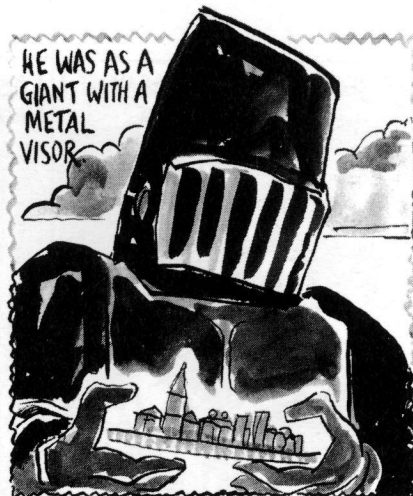
THE BITTER WORM WOLAND HAD TROUBLED THE LANDS FOR YEARS.



HIS BALEFUL PRESENCE SPREAD IGNORANCE...



HE WAS AS A GIANT WITH A METAL VISOR.



UNTIL THE GOOD KNIGHT WILBERFORCE ARRIVED—



TO SLAY THE LIZARD, AND BANISH FEAR.

WINDY APPEARS TO BE ABSORBED IN THE TOME'S COLOURED ENGRAVINGS...



AND HE FAILS TO NOTE THE ENTRANCE OF THE SLITHERING BEAST AMID THE TREES AND SHELVES.



THIS DESCENDANT OF WOLAND ALSO BREATHES FIRE.



WINDY IS POWERLESS TO STOP THIS INFLAMMATORY DESTRUCTION.



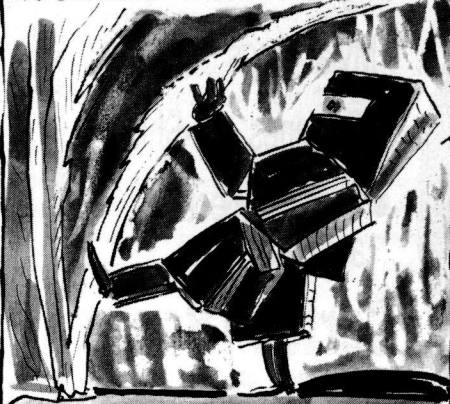
THERE IS ONLY ONE RECOURSE.



OLD BOOKS SERVE AS ARMOUR.

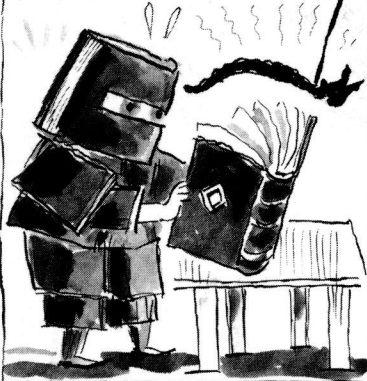


A SPLINTER FROM A TREE FORMS A LANCE.



WITH WINDY SAT
ATOP A WOODEN
BENCH, THE JOB
IS ACHIEVED.

THE BEAST SLAIN, WINDY AGAIN
CONSULTS THE BOOK OF BALLADS.



BUT NOW THE SONG OF WOLAND IS CHANGED; THE
ENEMY WAS A VISORED GIANT..



..NOT A WORM AT ALL...

HE DEFEATED
THE GOOD
WILBERFORCE
WITH EASE.



HE WAS ONLY LIKENED TO A WORM BY THE
TWISTED METAPHOR IN WINDY'S FRAGMENT
OF VERSE.



ALAS FOR YOU, WILBERFORCE - THERE
IS ALWAYS A NEW ENEMY TO DEFEAT.

RIDE HOME IN CONFUSION
UPON YOUR FIXED
WOODEN HORSE.

End

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DESIGNER GORE

TAPPING THE VEIN

Clive Barker & friends



THE SCULPTED HORRORS OF CRAIG RUSSELL

Tapping The Vein will be familiar enough with Barker's original text to probably be dissatisfied with what squirms before their eyes here. The art is slick enough, the adaptations razor-sharp. But like MTV rock videos, my personal imagination is starved of putting what I feel about this particular performer's work into my head. I don't want Scott Hampton's version of the demonic whore pig god thing in 'Pig Blood Blues' to get in the way of how I interpret its form. The title sounds like some gnarly Robert Johnson song that's haunted by a blood-sucking sow from hell! Instead we get Hampton's clotheshorse of a piggy-wiggy. He's too all fired up getting some punk kid's bicep bulging in all the right places. Hampton can draw fine, it's just too slick and nowhere near as sick. Craig Russell's adaptation of 'Human Remains' is nearer the mark, though even here I found myself page-turning with impatience as his artwork insisted on intruding into my personal interpretation of the story.

Presumably, the same idea that *Classics Illustrated* had in the Sixties will miraculously work for today's tiny adults. Hampton & Co.'s artwork will have sufficient effect to send them straight to their nearest bookstore to read the *real thing*. I never would have thought I'd end up sounding like my parents, but I think that would be a much better idea than wasting your money on this Graphic Novel trash.

—Savage Pencil

US: Eclipse UK: Titan Books \$6.95—£4.50 64pp SB

★ ★

HANDS UP AT THE BACK all those old enough to remember *Classics Illustrated* comics. For you who missed out, this was an exciting, nay revolutionary, way for parents in the Sixties to sneak some 'literature' into their offspring's otherwise junk diet of horror and war comics. *Classics Illustrated* took a much beloved book like *Black Beauty* or *Treasure Island* and condensed it into a more palatable, easily digested form for brats like myself to suck in at one sitting, rather than wading through months of page-turning. The idea was that parental eyes could be averted from their children's comic reading for a while, hoping that once they'd read the comic, they'd soon be tugging at Dad's trouser leg, pleading for the *real thing* from the library. *Classics Illustrated*, in short, were not just comics trash... they were educational!

Classics Illustrated don't exist anymore. In the harsh strobe light of the big yawn Eighties, where kids are suddenly adult by the age of nine and have their own computers and cars... who needs culture? Comics are still around though, only this time it's not kids who read them, it's adults! And comics aren't even called comics anymore; instead some Madison Avenue muffin-brain came up with 'Graphic Novel', a term designed for those who still feel embarrassed to be caught in public clutching a *Batman* caper. 'Oh no!', they can confidently confide to their City friends, 'This isn't a comic, this is the latest *Dark Knight* Graphic Novel!' Who wouldn't be impressed? Now the Graphic Novel Gang are turning their attention to the horror story, a genre that EC Comics had a lot of trouble getting past the censors in the Fifties, when they were branded as being 'Seducers of the Innocent'. That was some thirty years ago, however, and now, seeing as comics — oops! I mean Graphic Novels, are not for kids anymore, it's considered cool to let the gore flow — in the most artistic way possible, of course.

Tapping The Vein is Eclipse's version of both *Classics Illustrated* and EC Comics, brought full circle. For their subject matter they have knocked on the coffin lid of Britain's finest horror writer Clive Barker and persuaded him to let his best work be translated into comics form. *The Books of Blood*, Barker's astonishing literary debut, certainly made my eyes pop when I read them in the original sleazy Sphere paperbacks. The feeling I got was one of discovery, a writer who was taking me somewhere I'd never been to before. My imagination burned and throbbed with the viscous, fleshy horrors that Barker's writing fed into my brain. A gore story like 'Rawhead Rex' (unlike any I'd ever read before) would be followed by something totally mystical, something wonderful yet horrifying like 'In the Hills, The Cities'. Even today I find it hard to bleach out the images his *Books of Blood* evoked.

This is what makes *Tapping The Vein* even harder to swallow; for unlike *Classics Illustrated*, where the book was secondary to the comic, here the idea is cranked into reverse. Most people who pick up

FROM HELL

Alan Moore & Eddie Campbell

THE PROLOGUE AND FIRST CHAPTER of Moore & Campbell's epic 'From Hell', with an expected final length approaching two hundred pages, promises to lift the lid off the can of worms that was Victorian England, travelling via the mystery and horror of The Whitechapel Murders and the identity of the man called Jack. But more than a mere ripping yarn, the considerable scope of the narrative encompasses contemporary evils that have either their origins or important developments from that time: Fenian bombings and the issue of Home Rule, the economy gap between rich and poor, and political, re-

ligious and sexual hypocrisy of all kinds. This is superior horror, giving you jellied knees and knots in your belly, without resorting to cheap butchery and twisting the plot-knife. Without the prose-heavy captions that dominate much of his recent stories, Moore's crisp dialogue delivers the maximum with the minimum of fuss. The artwork is some of Eddie Campbell's most assured work to date, forsaking mechanical tones for flexible pens and Q-tips in a sweeping storm of linework and atmospheric effects. Reminiscent of the kind of mezzotint engraved illustrations that pre-date the use of photography in journals like *Harper's Weekly* and *Illustrated News*, it has an appropriate period feel. The obvious wealth of research into the look and the lang-

uage of the time, however, is not so omnipresent as to appear oppressive or ostentatious. Rather it is the calm confident way the themes are set and the total control in the orchestration of word and picture that allow the story to unfold with such absorbing truth and economy. Surely this match of two contemporary masters is made in comic heaven, as 'From Hell' reads like the work of a single creator, blessed with at least two brains and two hearts who really have something lasting to say about the human condition.

—Ed Hillyer

'From Hell' begins in issue two of the horror anthology *Taboo*, SpiderBaby Grafix \$9.95—£6.50 Import SB.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

CRITICAL LIST

SAVIOUR 1

Trident

Thatcher is the Antichrist, but only mature readers should know this. *Saviour* sets out to shock but shoots its bolt in the first issue by revealing all the antagonists for what they are too fast — good and evil are black and white, not grey, too soon. Post-V for *Vendetta* art by Daniel Vallely looks good but the subject's unsavoury — Rushdie did it better. It might be Situationist, if someone wasn't hoping to make money out of it. —John Freeman

★

DOLL 1-3

Rip Off Press Inc.

Is sex with a totally convincing inanimate *Doll* the only solution for an ugly rejected virgin? And how would men respond to a risk-free, love-free romp with their dream toy? Guy Colwell goes beyond mere titillation to address the superficial surface judgements we all make and our needs for sex and love. A moving and intelligent comeback by the '70s underground master of social erotica. —Paul Gravett

★ ★ ★ ★

THE SINNERS

Piranha Press

Sinners' lead character Edouard suffers a Kafka-esque childhood of doubt and fear. He builds barriers against the world and the climax comes when he surmounts them in his adulthood. This delicately mystical tale is told with panels that are leaded together like stained glass windows and with German Expressionist dark silhouettes, distortions and vivid colours. Alec Stevens plays reverently and cleverly with many artistic traditions to produce a story that is moving and strongly evoked. Out of *Piranha's* initial releases, this sets a standard to be followed. —Aidan Potts

★ ★ ★

DOWNSIDE 1

Joint Productions

A slice of social realism in the near future, to illustrate the effects of Thatcherism taken too far. Tenants of an East End housing estate, threatened by a new Rachmanite landlord, try to fight back. The story is overtly political but kept down to earth, written and drawn straightforwardly by newcomers McNamara & Ketley. While this first issue may be open to a charge of 'worthy but dull', *Downside* is the sort of comic that should definitely be encouraged. —Johnny Rush

£1.00 from: 8 Priestley House, Old Street, London EC1

★ ★ ★

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Dave Gibbons	Alan Grant	
Myra Hancock	Simon Harrison	John Higgins
Cam Kennedy	Knockabout	
David Lloyd	Dave McKean	Pete Milligan
Grant Morrison	Kev O'Neill	
David Roach	Will Simpson	John Smith
Robin Smith	Bryan Talbot	
Bryan Talbot	Trident Troopers	The Viz Kids
John Wagner	Steve Yeowell	

We have to announce that Gene Colan is now teaching classes in America and has cancelled his appearance at UKCAC89 - for which we can only apologise on his behalf.

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Marvel Comics, Neptune Distributors Ltd, 2000AD Comics Group



READ YOURSELF RAW was the invitation of Françoise Mouly and art spiegelman in the autumn of 1980, when RAW, a showcase for the comics vanguard, first appeared. Of all the artists to emerge out of the American underground, spiegelman appeared to be the learned student, a buff of comics and their history. Iconoclastic in his approach, he constantly displayed a self-conscious appropriation of comic and graphic mannerisms. As a reaction to the loose approach of much late Sixties' work, spiegelman concerned himself with editorial rigour. This not only took place at a personal level but also with the introduction of *Arcade*, *The Comics Revue*, co-edited with Bill Griffith in 1975. This magazine-style quarterly encouraged a generous approach to extended comic narrative as well as giving lesser known artists the opportunity to be published in its 'Sideshow' section. Abandoned after seven memorable issues because of financial difficulties, much of the thinking behind *Arcade* was later transferred to RAW.

In a recent interview, when asked about the difference between the two publications, spiegelman replied '4 inches in height and 3 in width'. As with *Arcade*, the editorial policy of RAW has consistently cut through the junk values of comic stereotyping. From the outset, RAW's conception was different from all other comics – a large format, 14 x 10½ inches, a claustrophobic content and international contributors. Always innovative, RAW featured smaller, more intimate work bound in separately. These included individual chapters of spiegelman's *Maus*, Mark Beyer's bubblegum cards (which alluded to a much larger non-existent set) and a fictional interview with Ronald Reagan on record. All of this was played off against some of the best contemporary comic work around, along with articles, stories and archive material.

Over the last ten years, there has been a changing attitude towards comics and they have become adopted by mainstream publishers. It has been known for some time that Penguin Books have taken on the publishing rights of RAW, following the success of *Maus*. For devotees the long awaited Volume Two Number One is finally out. And what is the difference between Volume One and Volume Two? 6½ inches in height and 4½ in width. Blessed with the establishment machinery of large scale promotion and national outlets on both sides of the Atlantic, RAW has arrived. But is it any better to those who have supported it through its more esoteric early life? There is no doubt that this book-style production is detrimental to some material. Beyer, Mariscal and Friedman suffer particularly in this issue, but it does make for a more manageable and marketable 'product'.

The graphic playfulness, so much a part of RAW's labour of love in the past, has gone, but despite my reservations this issue is full of great strips, including some in colour for the first time. RAW's stable of

PIONEERS OF THE HUMAN ADVENTURE

François Boucq

THERE WAS NOTHING IN FRANCOIS BOUCQ'S collaboration with Jerome Charyn, *The Magician's Wife*, to hint at his earlier work. Boucq's evocative visuals were his interpretation of Charyn's sinister world of dreams. The critics were impressed, but I can't help thinking that Boucq must have balked at the compromise. Left to his own devices, Boucq's world is one of savage surrealism, where illusion, or rather delusion, is no comfort. *Pioneers of the Human Adventure* is a bitterly apt title for this series of links in the human chain. The 'pioneers' are little ineffectual men, trying to believe that they are still predatory animals. Technology has destroyed their natural instinct.

In 'The Bengal Tiger', a middle-aged insurance salesman dons his synthetic leopard-skin suit and nose-bone and heads out to work, telling his wife to tell the children, should he not return, that their father 'preferred to die like a man than live like a toad.' He swings out along a suspension bridge into the jungle outside his front door, dodging a pterodactyl, swinging away from the hungry mouths of crocodiles, avoiding flying knives from the native punks on his way to the tube, only to be late for work. If these are the creatures of progress, the true animals of the modern era are machines. In 'Nature's Pariahs' mechanical earth-movers gather at dusk by a watering hole on an African plain. By morning, a shiny new tube stop has been built: Desert.

Boucq's imagination goes on and on, from a butcher creating sculpture with sausage

RARE RAW VOL 2 No. 1

Edited by spiegelman & Mouly



COWBOY HENK LEAVES HIS PLATE CLEAN

artists are well represented – Charles Burns, Joost Swarte, Ben Katchor and Lorenzo Mattotti – as well as underground veterans Kim Deitch and Justin Green. 'Mauschwitz (Time Flies)', the latest chapter of spiegelman's *Maus* also appears plus several new artists. In 'Here', Richard McGuire explores space relative to a single repeated panel, illustrating the corner of a room and a window. He goes backward and forward in time to present a visual essay in collaged moments. If only walls could talk. In an umbilical drama by Kamagurka & Herr Seele, Cowboy Henk discovers his mum via a plate of spaghetti! Pascal Doury tells us about the bizarre and alarming world of a doll-like character called Paul in exquisitely rendered single panels.

RAW has moved on from its original print run of five thousand, and although its editorial policy has shifted, in particular with its move toward a larger audience, I look forward to the next issue with renewed appetite. RAW is back.

—Les Coleman

Penguin \$14.95—£7.99 204pp SB
★★★★★

meat to the domestication of savages into Sanitary Operatives. Through his eyes, our world seems destructive and absurd. This is black comedy that makes Terry Gilliam's *Brazil* look like *A Day at the Races*. *Pioneers*, together with Boucq's other solo albums, seem deeper and more resonant than his collaborations with Charyn. These short polemic pieces are demanding but full of wonder and a skewed view of a perfect world. Kurt Vonnegut said, 'We are what we pretend to be, so we better be pretty careful about what we pretend to be.' Take a tour of Boucq's travelling Freak Show. You may find it's just a Hall of Mirrors and we are the exhibits.

—Frank Wynne

Catalan Communications \$10.95—£7.95 Import
48pp SB
★★★★★

CRITICAL LIST

NEAT STUFF 14

Fantagraphics

Peter Bagge takes on our wacky attitudes to sex, covering adolescence, the first sexual experience and sexism. Read it all before? I doubt it. Where else would you find Junior stabbing himself in the hand for being turned on by his mum, or the Goon in the Moon extolling the artistic virtues of stripping? Filthy genius. —Harley Richardson
★★★★★

MAI THE PSYCHIC GIRL

Viz Communications — Titan

Now this is the way to read manga – not in bi-weekly nibbles, but in chunky paperbacks. A telekinetic teen has to grow up fast, as she fends off evil agents after her powers. Kudo's scenario, reminiscent of de Palma's *The Fury*, and Ikegami's drawing of dreamy girls and handsome guys make a seductive combination. —Paul Gravett
★★★★★

THE GOOD TIMES ARE KILLING ME

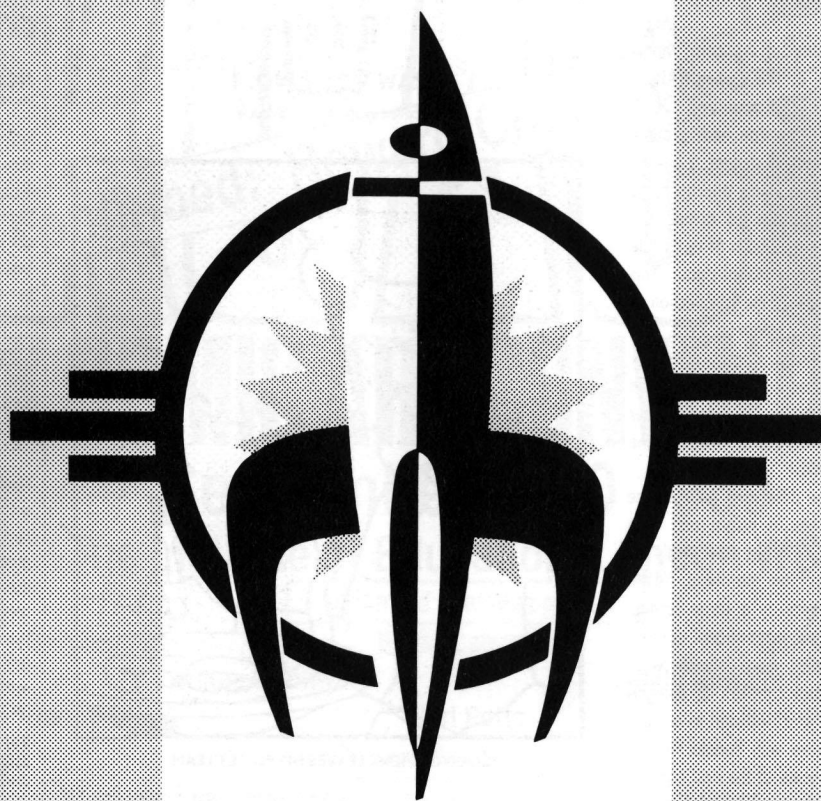
The Real Comet Press

Lynda Barry has developed over the last few years into one of America's very best cartoonists. 'Ernie Pook's Comeek', currently syndicated in the States, is jarringly nostalgic and acutely funny. Her first novel has these same virtues. It's narrated by Edna Arkins, a gutsy, non-prodigious pre-adolescent, coping with her fragmented family life in an area scarred with racial tension. We're allowed into a world filled with vivid music, where songs have meaning beyond words, and people's actions don't quite add up as they should. Much of the humour stems from Edna's lack of distinction between events of profound or trivial importance. But with the approach of adulthood, the pressures of conformity mass around her. By the last and longest chapter, there is little humour left, just a crushing, almost unbearable sadness. A fine book, supplemented by a portfolio of vibrant inventive paintings and potted bios of Barry's favourite Country, Blues and Cajun musicians. —Marc Baines
\$16.95 plus post from: 3131 Western Avenue # 410, Seattle, WA 98121, USA
★★★★★

THE BOGIE MAN 1

Fat Man Press

Hollywood restaurateur Dave Chase once said, 'Bogart's a helluva nice guy till 11.30 p.m. After that he thinks he's Bogart.' Now some psycho who thinks he's Bogie is terrorising Glasgow, an excuse for 2000AD veterans Wagner & Grant to indulge their taste for tough guy pastiche and broad local humour, with Robin Smith's best art in ages. Hardly profound, but a real hoot. —Paul Gravett
★★★★★



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FUN RULES COMICS: IDEOLOGY, POWER AND THE CRITICS

Martin Barker



WHO CAN STAY THE NIGHT AT 'SCREAM INN'?

corrupting influences that critics of mass culture perceive. Opponents of modern rock music are unable to see differences between the Bee Gees and the Smiths and the Butthole Surfers; mainstream culture critics of comics apply the same ignorance and indiscriminate.

This is a readable, enjoyable book that will enhance and enlarge your comics reading experience. Although a little tendentious at times, he never uses his political beliefs to beat you into submission, and at least admits that he is arguing from a socialist standpoint. My only other criticism involves the summary descriptions of semiology and structuralism, and the extensive use of the tables of statistics from his poll of readers; the latter, though dull reading, does prove the integrity of his research. This is a lot cheaper than a year's worth of the Comics Journal and it makes their insights seem scant in comparison. Don't drown in a sea of words – reach for Martin Barker's lifebelt!

—Ed Pinsent

Manchester University Press 320pp £10.95 SB or £40.00(!) HB
★★★★★

READING THE COMICS JOURNAL is always fun, especially when they devote pages of column space to over-educated gasbags discussing the finer points of Will Eisner's panel breakdowns or some such. I always feel they somehow miss the essential point of reading a comic – or at least they can only evaluate in this pedestrian, autodidactic fashion. Martin Barker is the only writer I've come across who offers an original and alternative viewpoint. He delivers a comprehensive analysis and detailed description of the comic-reading experience. In his excellent book *A Haunt Of Fears* (Pluto Press), he pinpointed how the mechanisms of an EC story work, and evaluated the effects they have on the reader. Now, in this useful new work, he provides further fresh insights on the reader-comic relationship, referring to several classic UK comics – among them, *Action*, *Shiver* & *Shake* and *Jackie*.

Broadly, he puts comics and their audiences into a clear perspective, analysing them within their social, political and ideological context. The processes behind the 'Scream Inn' strip, for example, are seen to be a complex series of interchanges between reader and strip. Commonly perceived as a pointless exercise in formulaic structure, Barker instead demonstrates how 'Scream Inn' manages to experiment subtly within its own guidelines; it is governed by 'fun' rules that address children directly and give their imaginations an escape route from the adult world. All of these, he says, can be adapted to interpret almost any comic story – and reveal the hidden depths at work there.

Another valuable feature is the explosion of several popular myths about comics and their supposed corrupting influence, myths often perpetrated by high-minded and powerful critics. Barker identifies these critics and carefully dismantles their arguments, demonstrating that in many cases their premises have been entirely illogical or argued from a patronising, unsympathetic standpoint. They have been frequently proved to be careless or selective readers of the comics, sometimes not bothering to read them at all, and proceeding with unhealthy preconceptions about the nature of comics and their supposed 'bad effects'. Barker, conversely, is a thorough and sympathetic reader; he cites entire stories, not just selected panels that will prove his point; he quotes dates and provenances, names artists and writers; he undertakes sample readings of entire runs of a title. He has unsalable knowledge of the subject.

One interesting aspect revealed by his reading is how varied and how sophisticated so many of these stories are. Particularly ones which are so often assumed to be bland formulaised nonsense, for example girls' comics like *Jackie* and *Bunty*. Barker finds a rich source of interest and ambiguity in them, far removed from the clichés and

A1 Book 1

Various

A1'S EDITORS SET HIGH STANDARDS for themselves. Dave Elliott and Garry Leach have put together an attractive package – a 100-page prestige format book featuring a mini-bus-load of top names. They print an absurdly long list of influences to measure their work against, along with a fiercely idealistic and somewhat defensive editorial, buzzing about 'literary and artistic merit', 'creative integrity' and 'aiming for perfection'. The back cover puff claims to 'reflect the vast range of the contemporary comics scene'.

To assemble a wealth of creative talent and then give them free rein to experiment seemed, I'm sure, a good idea at the time. The result, I'm afraid, is a surfeit of self-indulgent cameos, just hinting at what the creators are capable of. There's some good artwork

from the likes of Bolton and Windsor-Smith, but in almost every case the story to hang the pictures on has been underdeveloped or neglected. There are a couple of exceptions to this rule. Brian Bolland's neat, beautifully detailed art will surprise no one, but his wry, witty tale of 'The Actress and The Bishop' told entirely in rhyme was an unexpected pleasure. Dave Gibbons' 'Survivor' is an unofficial *Superman* story, but one of the best I've read, told in a straightforward, deceptively simple style with minimalist artwork from Ted McKeever.

On the other hand, there is the sublimely pointless *Mr X* fragment by overrated duo Gaiman & McKean, together with Milligan & McCarthy attempting to outdo one another in technicolour prose and overripe collage graphics. 'Blazin' Glory' is a Golden Age spoof by Elliott & Cullens, which they try to pass off as the real thing; it wouldn't fool

anyone with a rudimentary knowledge of comics history and doesn't work as a parody – it doesn't go far enough over the top and isn't funny.

When you've got a book of this length, it's a shame to limit your contributors to only a few pages each. Forget about trying to represent all that comics are capable of – it can't be done between two covers. Concentrate on getting a few good, well-written stories so we can have something to read as well as the nice pictures to look at. It's refreshing to find that Los Bros Pleece and Jamie Hewlett will be in Book 2. Try to encourage new talent like them, and when your big name friends come along with something pretty, pretentious and half-baked, try to exercise a little quality control.

—Johnny Rush

Atomeka Press £4.95–\$9.95 96pp SB
★★★★★

CRITICAL LIST

HECK!

Rip Off Press Inc.

Bruce Hilvitz & Lloyd Dangle have gathered some impressive names to appear in their paperback anthology of 'cutting edge comics', but many have not given their best. Mark Marek, Lloyd Dangle, Kaz & Carol Tyler deliver excellent individual pieces, but *Heck!* lacks the focus and fevered commitment you'd find in any given issue of *Weirdo* (a magazine most of these artists have at some time appeared in). Too many dull blades in this cutlery drawer. —Marc Baines

★★★

CHICKEN SLACKS 3

Lies They Tell Publications

Artist Mary Fleener is responsible for this little gem, devoted to illustrating songs in comic form. Rock, soul, blues, jazz and funk all get the treatment, from George (Funkadelic) Clinton to Louis Jordan. Among the 21 cartoonists are Kryttre, Worden, Tompkins, Bob X and of course Fleener. This is that rare commodity these days that combines wit, flair and style. It's also very funny, with a 'quirky' charm all its own – the feminine touch? —Dave Charter

\$2.00 plus post from: 309 Oceanview Avenue, Encinitas, CA 92024, USA

★★★★★

BURIED TREASURE 3

Pure Imagination

This volume is an all-Toth special, reprinting strips from his most prolific period working for Standard Comics in the 1950's. The effortless design and the faultless line that gave anything he drew instant classic status, no matter how flat the scripting, fairly sings off the page. Greg Theakston is doing a great job in bringing this work to a modern public; pick it up and find out what influences artists as far apart as Howard Chaykin, Jaime Hernandez, Brian Bolland, Steve Rude, Kevin Nowlan, Dave Gibbons, Trevor von Eeden... —Trevs Phoenix

\$5.95 plus post from: 88 Lexington Avenue # 9C, New York, NY 10016, USA

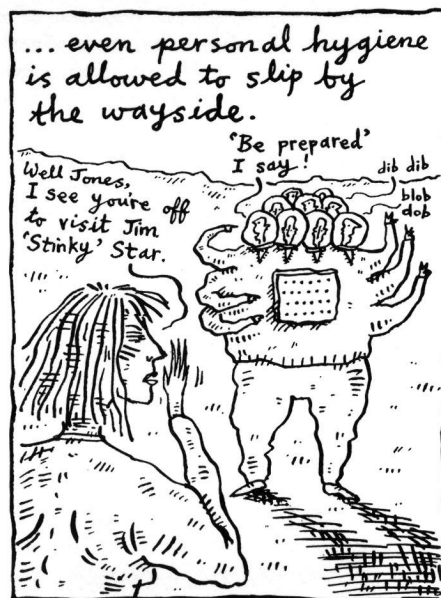
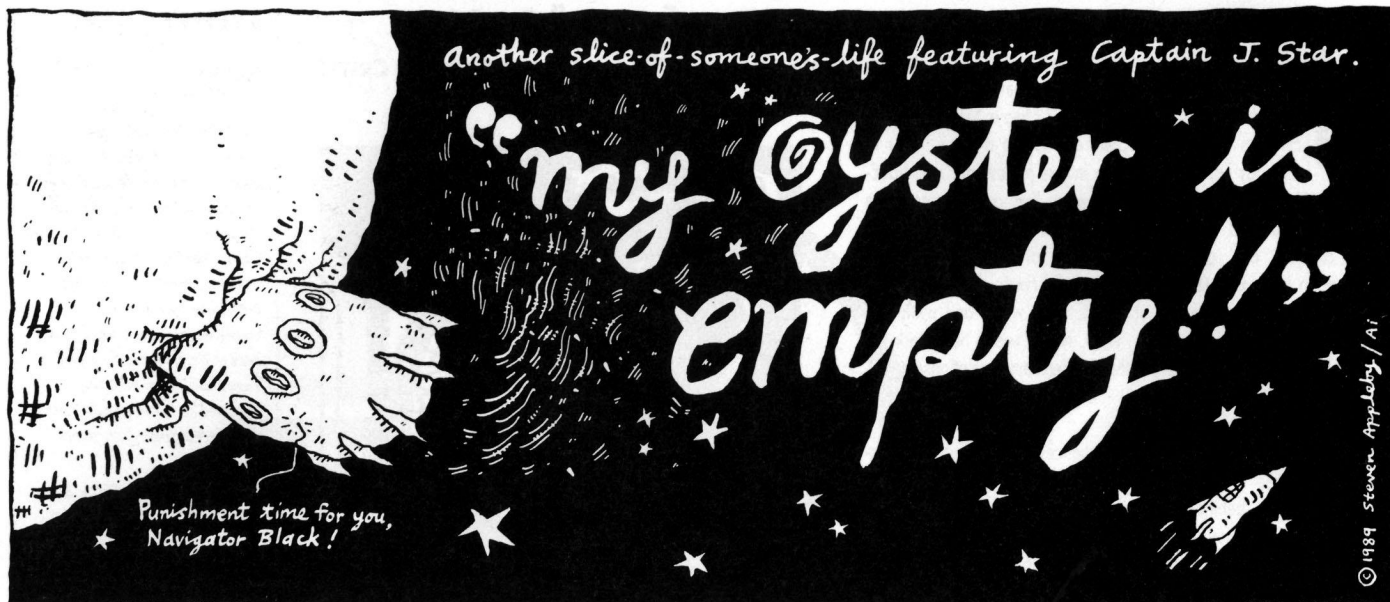
★★★★★

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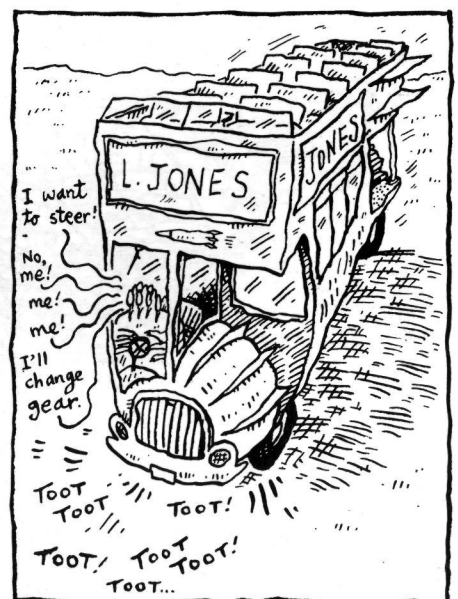
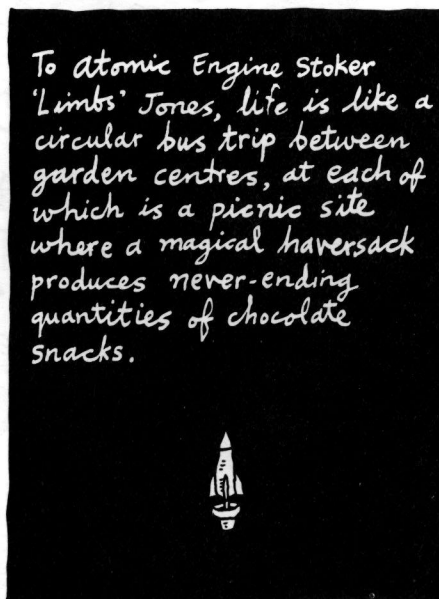
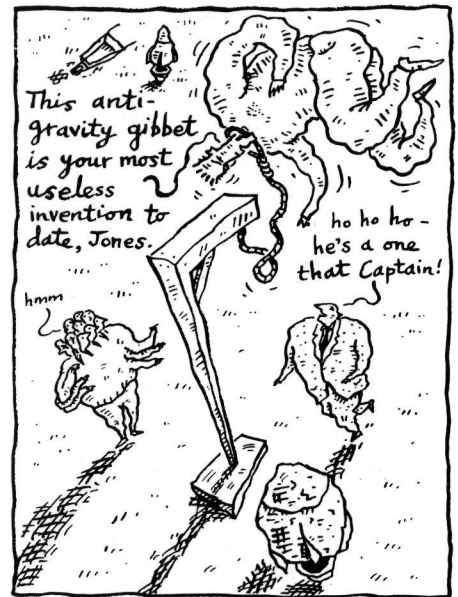
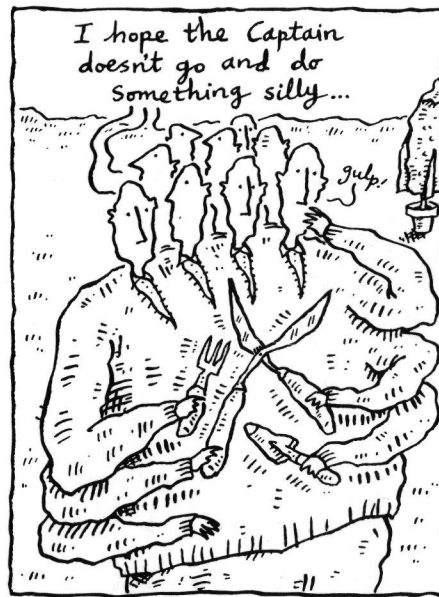
Rip Off Press Inc.

Just as I realised how bored I'm getting of *Omaha the Cat Dancer*, Terry Laban pops up with another post-hippy comedy to fill my abandoned heart. His weary but philosophical characters push their way through tales of work, relationships and half-realised dreams, but dreary it is not. Laban produces a real life where a cement factory casts a light on a romantic scene, and shopping for eggs can start civil unrest. Well, it made me laugh, what more do you want? —Bob Lynch

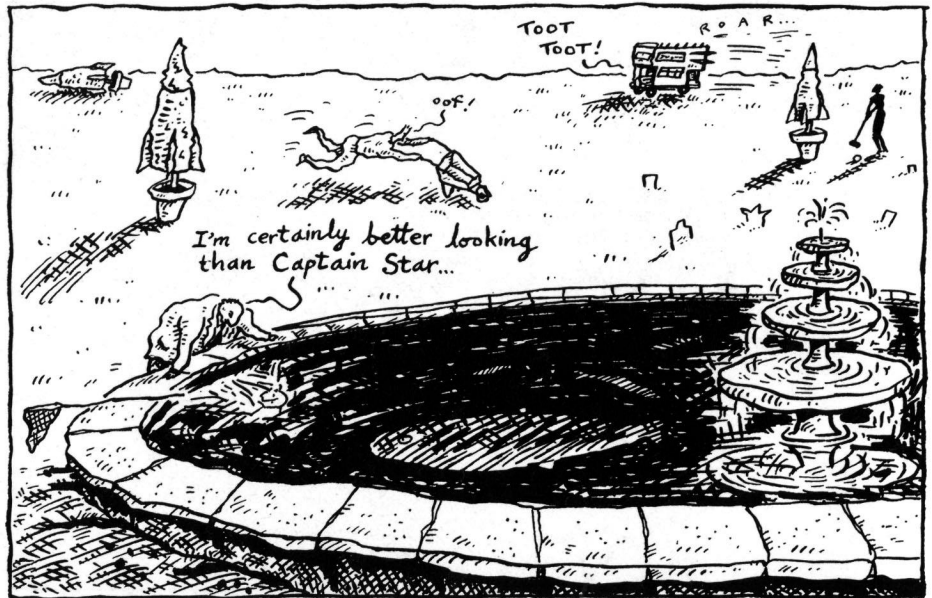
★★★★★



Life, to Captain Star, appears as a long grassy path stretching away forever between two high impenetrable hedges. Across the path stand many fences of varying heights over which he must hurdle, and over which he usually falls. This is due to the fact that while he hurdles he must push a wheelbarrow.



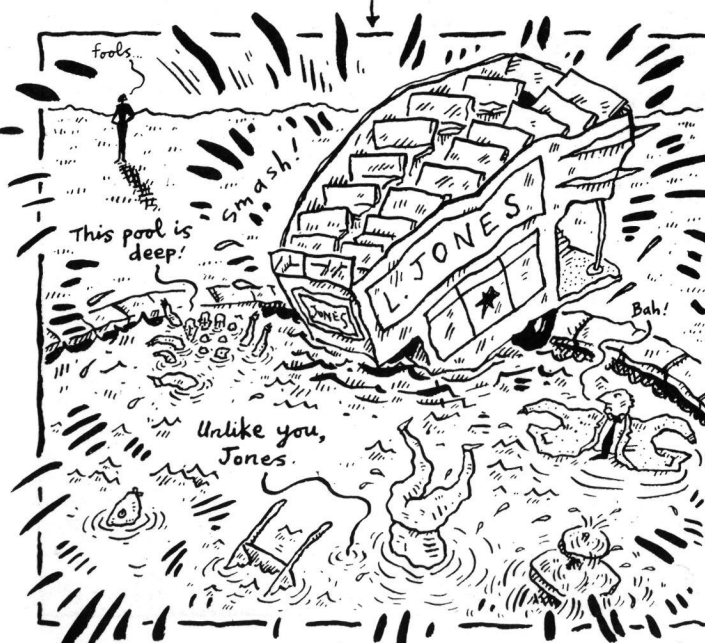
Navigator Black, seafood chef and proprietor of the Atheist Fish Café, believes that life is a fountain playing at the edge of a deep dark pool. Ancient carp float like submarines at varying depths, and Black's face gazes up from under the oily surface as he stares down into the thick, black water. As he catches his own eye, one of him looks quickly away.



In the pool Navigator Black breeds a new type of oyster invented by himself. The oysters contain hats, party favours and a motto printed in waterproof ink on special paper.



and so finally Navigator Black distributes the oysters...



(Captain Star appears in 'The Observer' (London edition) every Sunday... →)

END!

FALCON of the Yard



FAR FAMED SCOTLAND YARD DETECTIVE, FALCON AND HIS BOY ASSISTANT GINGER BUNN ARE ENJOYING A DAY ON THE RIVER THAMES...

'I' ROW, ROW, ROW, 'I' THE BOAT... 'I'!

'ANG ON, GUVNOR, THAT'S TOWER BRIDGE. 'OW MUCH FURTHER?

ROW ON, MACDUFF, JUST A FEW MORE STROKES...



MUCH LATER...



PHEW, THAT'S YER LOT, GUV. I'M CREAM CRACKERED! I MUSTA BIN ROWIN' FOR 'BOOT TWO HOURS SOLID!

FRET NOT, SWEET PRINCE. WE HAVE ARRIVED...

DO YOU SEE THAT PIECE OF METAL STICKING UP OUT OF THE RIVER OVER THERE?



WOT?

YOU MEAN WE COME ALL THIS WAY TO LOOK AT A BLEEDIN' BEDSTEAD?!

NONSENSE, LAD. A CLOSER OBSERVATION...

....WILL REVEAL THAT IT IS THE RADIO AERIAL OF AN ARGENTINIAN TRAMP STEAMER - LOST WITH ALL HANDS AND 500 TONS OF CORNED BEEF BEFORE SHE COULD REACH TILBURY DOCKS!



COR!

BUT WHY DID IT SINK, GUV?



THAT, GINGER, IS WHAT WE ARE HERE TO FIND OUT!

YOU'RE 'HANGIN' IN THE NOWHERE TREE!!!

HUH?



IT'S COMIN' FROM THEM THREE TYPES IN THAT FIELD!

EVERYTHING IS EVERYTHING! BE NATURAL!

MMM, SO IT IS.. GOOD LORD! GINGER, AVERT YOUR EYES!!

TOO LATE, GUV, I SEEN IT. I SEEN IT ALL! THEY GOT NO KIT ON!!

AS FALCON AND GINGER ROW ASHORE, THE STRANGE ANTICS CONTINUE...



BREAK OUT!

FEEL FREE!

FOCUS IN!

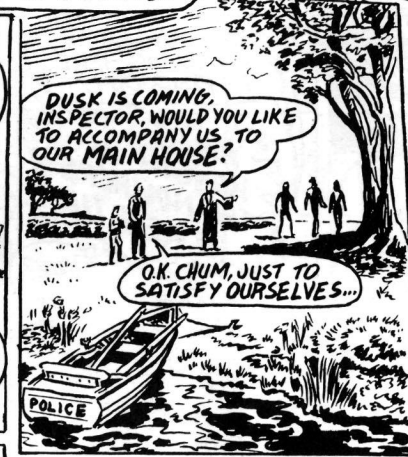
JUST OVER THE HEDGE...



MIND YOU, MR FALCON I SEEN MORE FAT ON A JOCKEYS' WHIP!

DISGUSTING! NUDITY AND FLAGRANT BEARDWEARING!

AHEM! CAN I HELP YOU, GENTLEMEN?





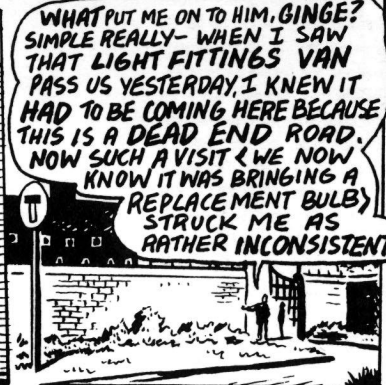
GINTY FALLS FROM THE TOWER...

CRIPES! THEM SPIKED RAILIN'S! LOOKS LIKE 'E'S DEAD MEAT, GUV!



ERE, GUVNOR?..

...GIVEN GINTY'S PROFESSED DISTASTE FOR OUR CENTURY'S 'WICKED' TECHNICAL HARDWARE, SO I WAS ON TO HIM! IMAGINE YOUNG'UN, COMMITTING MASS MURDER TO SAVE A BUNCH OF MOO-COWS FROM THE CANNERY, COMPLETELY BAAMY!



STEVEN APPLEBY drives a 1960 Plymouth Valiant, 'the ideal spaceship roadster'. He's just moulded a lumpy 'Captain Star' tea set at his cousin's pottery and 'Star' has debuted in France in *L'Echo des Savanes*. **MARC BAINES**'s discovery with Diane of Cocteau's registry office and museum in Menton, France more than made up for the ants nest under their tent. **BRIAN BOLLAND** is motor-ing through Italy, keeping an eye out for some exotic steamy situation to draw some new 'Ma-moulia's. **DAVE CHARTER** is a mail order fiend hooked on US Ugly Art. 'I think comics in general are getting far too serious and, God forbid, war-ty.' **LES COLEMAN** shows work in 'Tricks & Transfigurations' at Stoke City Art Gallery in Oc-tober and co-edits a humour issue of *The Looker* including Glen Baxter & Ivor Cutler. **ELLIE DE VILLE** soon realised that comics were Paul Johnson's other passion, so she took up lettering them. 'If you can't beat 'em, join 'em.' Every Spring, they both fill a spare suitcase with BD albums from Paris. **CARL FLINT**, temperamental collagist with a plastic fruit fetish, loves cutting up library books to surgically splice together his art-work and nearly came to blows with Johnny Rush over 'Imagination'. Careful with that scalpel. **JOHN FREEMAN** edits Marvel UK's *Dr Who* magazine, celebrating its tenth anniversary this October. **ALASTAIR GRAHAM**, jazz aficionado and dazzling illustrator, combines both in his Miles Davies art print, first in a series. Write to



dent, was the soulful singer in the band *Eusebio* (named after the Portuguese football star), who now provide the funky soundtrack for 'Seventies Cap'. **WARREN PLEECE**, *Eusebio*'s guitarist, has been snapped up by *Crisis* to draw in colour for Garth Ennis' heavy new religious drama 'True Faith', starting in October. **AIDAN POTTS** has lived all over the globe, catching malaria in Lagos and diving on Australia's Barrier Reef. He's settled, for now, in Paris with his girlfriend Sophie. **CHRIS REYNOLDS** is steering *Mauretania Comics*, named after the Atlantic liner, into bigger ponds with a 120-page book commissioned by Penguin for 1990. **HARLEY RICHARDSON** has found a Big backer for *Ugly Mug* in the C of E. 'Now I have God behind me.' **JAMES ROBINSON**, now living in LA, is writing *Grendel* and a Sixties serial with Phil Elliott. He has finally met his idol, Alex Toth. **MARK ROBINSON** draws inspiration from musty British copies of *Valiant* and sleazy US paperbacks, and has just com-



GARY & WARREN PLEECE LOOKING UNSELFCONSCIOUS

pleted a strip biography of Edgar Rice Burroughs. He is currently talent scouting a busty hellcat to model in his next episode. **ED ROONEY**, an American writer, is no relation to Mickey. **JOHNNY RUSH** plans a Farewell issue of *Angels & Devils* before heading off into the sunset this November on his round the world trek via Thailand and Australia. **ERIC SIMON** holidayed in Brittany, Bourgeois country that's rapidly being colonised by canny English château-buyers. He is planning an exhibit on French crime in B-movies and BDs next Spring. **CAROL SWAIN** is using her Rolf Harris technique to pastel colour Milligan & McCarthy's sensitive 'Skin' soap for *Crisis*. She publishes her own strips, drawn in charcoal and Conté crayons, in *Way Out Strips*. **LOUISE TUCKER** likes listening to De La Soul on her CD Discman and is picking the fluff off the carpet in the box-room until she can get off the tranquilis-ers. **JOHN WATSON** has illustrated Lear's *The Jumbies* and *The Dong With The Luminous Nose* for Channel 4's *Poetry Book*, and has a one man pre-Christmas show at the Nigel Greenwood Gallery from Sept. 18th to 23rd. **BILL WATTERSON** believes 'a comic strip has the potential to do more than just sell cute car deodorizers. Like a good novel, a comic strip can let people see the world through new eyes.' **FRANK WYNNE** has been a cinema projectionist, a stage corpse, a translator of banana farming reports from Nepal, and discovered BDs while working at the snooty Galignani Bookshop in Paris.

SKP for details. **ED HILLYER**'s drawing board creaks, or is that groans, with projects, from video storyboards to his anarcho-syndicalist slapstick 'Superfly' for *Strip* and 'Eyeball Kid' for *Cheval Noir*. Ed, always the obscurest poser, listens to *King of the Slums*. **PAUL JOHNSON** gave up judo for the more fulfilling art of Tai Chi, 'preferably doing it outdoors near trees for a better accumu-lation of Chi'. His colour US debut in October is James Hudnall's *Interface* for Epic. **CHRIS LONG** passed his test, so he can now burning rubber in his Sixties grey Wolseley. **BOB LYNCH** can look out of the back window and watch Jonathan Ross eating breakfast in his underpants under the shade of his Sky TV dish. **PHILIPPE MORIN** is the genial co-founder in 1978 of France's premier BD 'fanzine' *PLGPPUR*, now an annual event whose latest number spotlights Schuiten. **SAVAGE PENCIL** went to Washington to meet *The Grateful Dead*'s Jerry Garcia. He's adorned the gatefold sleeve of Blast First's 'Nothing Short of Total War' LP and is storyboarding a Green cartoon for MTV. **TREVS PHOENIX** names Tarao as the Sumo wrestler he identifies with best. 'He's my height and has a ferocious attack.' The neighbours are banging on the wall of the studio he shares with Oscar Zarate, as he pumps up the bass with The Pixies and sweats over his Warhol tribute. **ED PINSENT**, refreshed after a sabbatical in his Dorset bunker, champions the UK's small press via the comics anthology and mail order service *Fast Fiction*. **GARY PLEECE**, *Velocity*'s Vice Presi-



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1) Entries should be on the form provided in the magazine or postcards only and addressed to ESCAPE, 156 Munster Road, London SW6 6RA. Each entry must carry the name and address of the sender and the name of the competition. 2) Employees, contributors and artists (and their relatives) of and to ESCAPE Magazine or Titan Books Ltd., the competition sponsors and their associated companies are not eligible to enter. 3) No responsibility can be taken for entries lost, delayed or damaged in the post. Proof of posting cannot be accepted as proof of delivery. 4) Illegible entries will be disqualified. 5) In all matters the decision of the Editors is final and no correspondence can be entered into. 6) All prizes are competed for in the form in which they are publicised. 7) Prizewinners are notified by post and results are published in ESCAPE. 8) By entering the competitions, competitors will be deemed to have read, accepted and agreed to abide by these rules.

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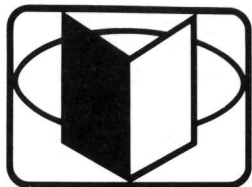
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calvin and Hobbes by WATTERSON

MY PARENTS ARE THE TWO STUPIDEST PEOPLE ON EARTH.

JUST MY LUCK THEY'D GET MARRIED AND HAVE ME.

I HATE EVERYBODY.

I DON'T SEE HOW ANYONE COULD EVER FALL IN LOVE. PEOPLE ARE JERKS.

SOMETIMES THEY ARE, BUT LOOK AT ALL THE COLORS ON THE TREES TODAY.

YEAH? SO WHAT?

I THINK IT'S MORE FUN TO SEE SOMETHING LIKE THIS WITH SOMEONE THAN JUST BY YOURSELF.

I GUESSSS SO... BUT I'D STILL RATHER SEE THIS WITH A TIGER THAN A PERSON.

WELL, THAT GOES WITHOUT SAYING.

END

HIP PARADE

- 1 (2) CALVIN & HOBBS**
Bill Watterson's boy and his tiger, Andrews-McMeel & Sphere
- 2 (1) JAMIE HEWLETT**
Kangaroo bountyhunter 'Tank Girl' in Deadline
- 3 (3) LOS BROS HERNANDEZ**
Ape Sex and Human Diastrophism, Fantagraphics & Titan
- 4 (14) KRAZY KAT**
George Herriman's I'll ain't! reprinted by Eclipse & Guardian
- 5 (4) NEIL GAIMAN & DAVE MCKEAN**
Black Orchid, Violent Cases & Signal To Noise in The Face
- 6 (17) PHILIP BOND**
Pip & Liz plug into Wired World in Deadline
- 7 (10) CHESTER BROWN**
The acquired taste of Yummy Fur, Vortex
- 8 (NEW) TROUBLED SOULS**
Belfast today by Garth Ennis & John McCrea in Crisis, Fleetway
- 9 (RE-ENTRY) TINTIN**
Hergé's boy reporter, 60 this year! Methuen
- 10 (20) BILL SIENKIEWICZ**
Elektra & Stray Toasters, Epic and Shadowplay, Eclipse & Titan
- 11 (18) BATMAN**
Holy Hype! How long will Batmania last this time round?
- 12 (11) V FOR VENDETTA**
Alan Moore & David Lloyd's nightmare future, DC
- 13 (RE-ENTRY) PETER BAGGE**
Life in The Burbs in Neat Stuff, Fantagraphics
- 14 (15) WINSOR MCCAY**
Little Nemo in Slumberland, Fantagraphics & Titan
- 15 (22) MILO MANARA**
Italy's erotic maestro in Click!, Bitterscotch, Shorts, Catalan
- 16 (9) MARSHAL LAW**
Pat Mills & Kevin O'Neill hunt down heroes, Epic

- 17 (5) THIRD WORLD WAR**
Pat Mills & Carlos Ezquerro get serious in Crisis, Fleetway
- 18 (RE-ENTRY) CHUCK JONES**
Bugs, Daffy, Roadrunner – and That's Not All Folks!
- 19 (RE-ENTRY) BLOOM COUNTY**
Berke Breathed's magnum Opus, The Guardian & John Brown
- 20 (21) CHARLES BURNS**
El Borbá and Big Baby from Raw, Pantheon & Penguin
- 21 (19) SIMON BISLEY**
Staine: The Horned God, in full painted colour in 2000AD
- 22 (RE-ENTRY) HUNT EMERSON**
Firkin & Calculus Cat, Hard To Swallow & more, Knockabout
- 23 (RE-ENTRY) WILL EISNER**
The Spirit and A Contract With God, Kitchen Sink & Titan
- 24 (16) MOEBIUS**
Jodorowsky's Incal and Charlier's Blueberry, Epic & Titan
- 25 (13) LUTHER ARKWRIGHT**
Bryan Talbot's parallel worlds, Valkyrie Press & Proust
- 26 (8) CEREBUS**
Dave Sim's phonebook-sized epics, Aardvark Vanaheim
- 27 (RE-ENTRY) MARK BEYER**
Amy and Jordan in Agony & Raw, Pantheon & Penguin
- 28 (12) STEVEN APPLEBY**
The voyages of Captain Star in Escape & The Observer
- 29 (NEW) SANDMAN**
The Master of Dreams by Gaiman, Dringenberg & Jones, DC
- 30 (NEW) JUSTICE INC.**
Revenge of The Avenger by Andrew Helfer & Kyle Baker, DC

The first number tells the position of the entry this issue; the second its position last issue; the third is the number of previous issues in which the entry has appeared. The Fickle Finger of Fate identifies entries new to the Hip Parade.



WHO CAN ESCAPE THE MYSTERIOUS SANDMAN, MANIPULATOR OF DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES?

It's all change again on the SKP Barometer of Readers' Taste, as your votes finally push **CALVIN AND HOBBS** up to Number One! Highest new entry is the realistic Northern Ireland drama **TROUBLED SOULS**, hotly pursued by re-entries **TINTIN** and **PETER BAGGE**. The biggest riser this issue is **PHILIP BOND**, storming up 11 places, with **KRAZY KAT** and **BILL SIENKIEWICZ** close behind. Your votes will decide who goes where next time. So don't delay – vote today!



HIP PARADE COMPETITION!

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To win your choice of *Videola* (with one First Prize Winner getting ALL FIVE!), just send in your Hip Parade today of up to TEN fave rave comics, characters, cartoons or cartoonists (if you can't think of ten, list five, or even TWO) on the handy Ballot Box in this issue, or on a postcard to: Escape Magazine, Hip Parade, 156 Munster Road, London SW6 5RA. Write, right now!

BEST IN ISSUE

Here are the top five favourite strips from last issue. Voted for by ESCAPE readers. Be sure and tell us which strips in this issue you like the most.

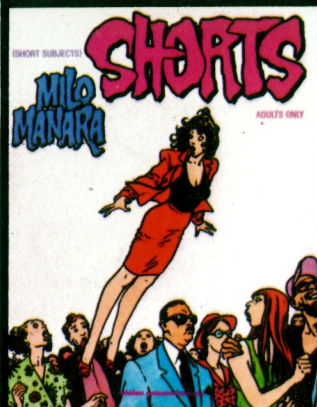
- | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 The Black Briefcase | Jean-Claude Götting |
| 2 Calvin & Hobbes | Bill Watterson |
| 3 Escape | Will Eisner |
| 4 The Pres In Paris | Howard Chaykin |
| 5 The Great Fish Exposition | Steven Appleby |

COMPETITION RESULTS

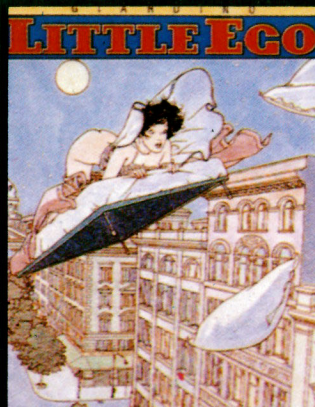
Dipping once again into the tide of Ballot Boxes and postcards, here are this issue's five lucky winners of the killer *Coldcut* album on Big Life Records including Mark E Smith & Yazz, plus one of Licensed Clothing International's range of mean'n'moody *Batman* T-Shirts based on the year's hottest movie: Michael Allhouse, Hesse; Martin Gittins, Edgbaston; Britta Hay, Bayswater; Sue Hoskins, Manchester; and Nigel Sandford, Leyton.

And the First Prize Winner is Britta Hay who receives a sumptuous signed print, *Studio Session* by last issue's cover artist Jean-Claude Götting, courtesy of Conquistador Mail Order. This is one of a selection of high quality art prints, specially imported from Europe by Conquistador, who also specialise as 21st Century Arts in original animation cels & lithographs by Chuck Jones, Carl Barks, Friz Freleng and more. Send for their fab fully illustrated catalogue today!

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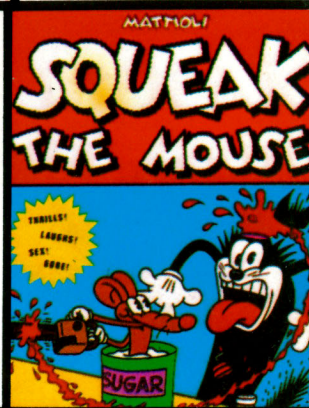
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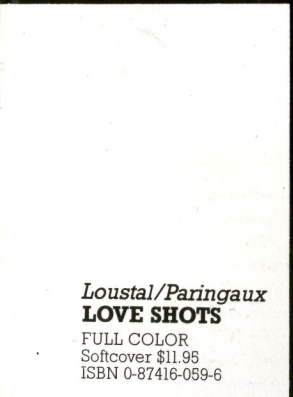
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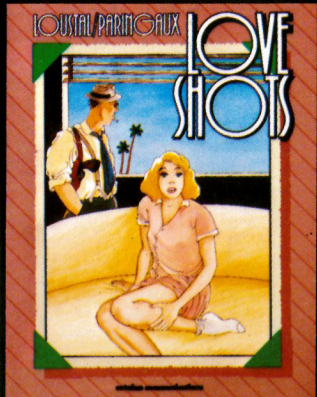
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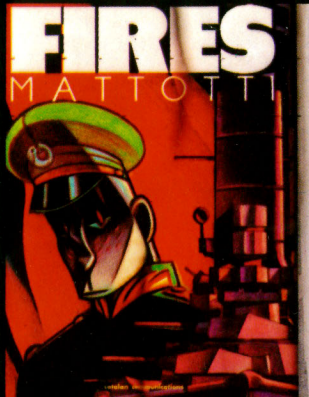
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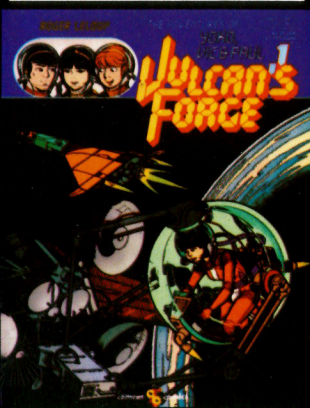
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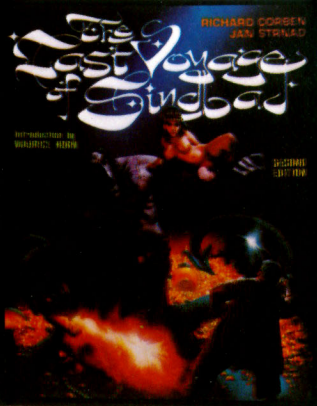
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